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47.574.

ANTWERP.

LONDON:
C. F. HODGSON, PRINTER, 1 GOUGH SQUARE, FLEET STREET.

ANTWERP.

A JOURNAL KEPT THERE,

INCLUDING ALSO

NOTICES OF BRUSSELS, AND OF THE MONASTERY OF ST. BERNARD, NEAR WESTMALLE.

"DISCITUR ERRANDO."

LONDON:
JOHN OLLIVIER, 59 PALL MALL.

1847.

ERRATUM.

Line 1, page 164, *for* Macculloch, *read* Macdonnel.

ANTWERP.

ANTWERP AND BRUSSELS.

1842. Thursday, January 6th.—Went on board a steamer lying off Irongate stairs,—nine o'clock A. M.—old ship,—dirty ship;—a snow-storm, succeeded by a cold, foggy atmosphere. The weather however, cleared up as we got fairly away from London, and presently became sunshiny and pleasant.

There were but few passengers on board: a Prussian cavalry officer, two other Germans, one, a quiet gentlemanly person, the other, remarkable for nothing but his being a German, two small boys going to Francfort, a guardian,—a sort of cross between butler and travelling tutor, who had them in charge,—my two relatives and com-

panions,—being a lady and a gentleman,—these formed the saloon party. We all dined together very sociably. The officer was very much of the English gentleman; he spoke our language thoroughly well, and related after dinner, a few anecdotes, which, for the sake of their outlandish flavour, I have thought worth noting down.

He was, with Prussian troops, at the great military exhibition made not long ago, at Kalisch in Poland. Among other strange and 'down East' warriors that were there, in the service of Russia, came some Circassians. He said they were utterly without discipline, wild, impetuous, savage fighters, agile, and dexterous in the use of their arms and horses, beyond telling, and brave as you please, but untamed as wild beasts. Such was their disorderly conduct on the march from their own country, that their leaders, anxious to reduce them to something like decent behaviour before they got to the camp, were obliged,—or at all events thought proper,—to sentence to death, I verily believe he said some three hundred of them: I did not quite understand, whether they were then and there shot, or were treated with Siberia, the Russian equivalent for death, but I have an im-

pression he said they were executed on the march, to save time and trouble. They would gallop after peasants whom they happened to see working in the fields as they passed by, and in pure wantonness, as cruel boys crush flies in a window, kill them by throwing their daggers at them.

As an instance of their agility and dexterity, he mentioned, that at Kalisch, he had seen an officer stand in an open space in the middle of a field covered with straw, holding in his hand a handkerchief:—the straw is fired,—a Circassian, *standing* on his saddle, with a pistol in each hand, gallops at full speed through the flames,—the officer throws up the handkerchief,—the Circassian, still at full speed, hits it with his right hand pistol, and again, before it touches the ground, with his left hand one. Another feat was, jumping on and off a barebacked horse, going at full speed, I forget how many times in how few yards. This far surpasses the agility of the riders at Astley's and Franconi's, as, of course, the difficulty of the thing is infinitely greater, when the horse is moving on a right line, than when he goes round and round a circus.

Sea-sickness. This is often caused,—at any rate brought to a crisis,—more by the offensive

on which the spectator stands, makes all the difference. We saw the tops of the trees, planted in long rows, the roofs of a few houses, and, now and then, a sharp-pointed church spire, breaking up the prevailing horizontal arrangement of objects. This half-revealed landscape is very tantalizing, and I had a desire to be landed, that I might climb over the dyke, and peep into the unknown country that lay beyond it. Occasionally, we came to a little village, or a bundle of buildings, picturesquely planted on the edge of the water,—perhaps on a promontory formed by a turn in the river,—and very valuable little bits of scenery these were, in the monotonous panorama that was, as it were, unrolling itself on the right hand and the left. Such were the forts of Lillo and Liefkenshoek. It is a remarkable fact, that we passed only one vessel of any important size. Probably they feared to encounter the river-ice, which was then beginning to accumulate.

About half-past one P. M. we were alongside the quay at Antwerp. The appearance of the city, from the water, as you approach, is most picturesque: buildings grouped together along the water's edge always are so, more or less. I took up my quarters at the Hôtel des Etrangers,

—walked about,—dined à la Française (one's first foreign dinner on a continental outing, is always an impressive episode) walked about again,—and went to bed. The cold intense.

Saturday, 8th.—The steamer for England, instead of starting, as in due course, to-morrow, went to-day, as it was feared she might otherwise be shut up by the ice, which has begun to float up and down with the tide, in large fields. It was a curious sight, to see her getting under weigh opposite these windows, smashing and crunching up the ice under her paddles with a noise like thunder. The matter was some time doubtful, whether she would be able to overcome the obstruction: she got away however, though with some difficulty, for she was long in sight, labouring slowly through the reaches of the river below the town: a day later, and she would have been a prisoner for weeks.

The accumulation of ice increases with the increasing frost, the sheets piling themselves up and adhering together, as they float backwards and forwards, and, just now, as I write, they are breaking with a loud, grinding, crashing noise, against the jetty below, as they sweep down with the ebb tide. I am in hopes of seeing the Scheldt fairly

frozen over. The scene from my windows, which look upon the river and the polders * beyond, is most novel and peculiar,—blue water, white fields

* The term 'polders' occurs more than once in the text. It may be well, therefore, in the first instance, to explain, that it is the name given in the Low Countries, to tracts of land lying below the level of the sea and the rivers, and recovered by the construction of dykes. These are gradually raised to a height above the high-water level, and the water is then pumped off. When thus reclaimed, the polders form the finest land, and produce for many years immense crops, almost without the use of manure, which is sometimes applied in the form of wood-ashes. In the neighbourhood of the Scheldt they extend along the river as far down as Zandvliet, and to Bergen-op-Zoom in North Brabant.

For an account of the mode of construction of the dykes, see the Athenæum of Feb. 27th, 1847, No. 1009, page 234, reporting the proceedings of a meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers on the 16th of the same month, at which Mr. G. B. W. Jackson illustrated the subject in a paper entitled 'A Description of the Helder,' the reading of which had been commenced at a previous meeting.

Part of the above information is also derived from a useful little volume, entitled 'The Traveller's Guide in Antwerp, by Edmund Le Poittevin de Lacroix, 3d edition, Antwerp, 1841. 702, Marché aux Souliers.'

See also one of Mr. Murray's admirable 'Handbooks,' being the one for 'Holland, Belgium, Prussia, and Northern Germany, and along the Rhine from Holland to Switzerland, London, 1836,' under the head of 'Dykes,' pp. 8, 9, 10, and 11, and that of 'Polders,' pp. 11, 12, and 13. And Macculloch's 'Dictionary, Geographical, Statistical, and Historical, 2 vols. London, 1846,' under 'Belgium,' vol. i. pp. 324, 328, 329, affords further information on the subject.

of floating ice,—white also the flat country covered with snow,—the little group of buildings forming the Tête de Flandres on the opposite shore, touched up, as it were, by a broad pencil dipped in snow,—fine effects of winter sun upon all this,—quite a northern prospect.

A dinner by invitation, with a half-Flemish family: the half that was not Flemish was Irish. It was a family party, the host, his wife, three daughters, and we strangers. We dined à la Française, with an infusion into the repast, of a strong seasoning of Hibernian hospitality, our host being, as his daughter assured me emphatically, "*Irlandais, du fond du cœur!*" The order of things was as follows. Dinner and wine,—coffee,—petit verre,—punch,—music,—tea,—punch again,—dancing,—punch, punch, punch, ad infinitum. The aforesaid punch was simply hot water, sugar, and brandy, very hot, very sweet, and tolerably strong, but compounded by our host of its simple elements,—sugar and brandy are doubtless elements with an Irish gentleman,—to a point of pleasant excellence I never met with before, and which I have since vainly essayed to achieve.

I went away at eleven, and tried to find out a

public ball I had imagined at the Variétés. A mistake,—there was no ball, but I profitably walked about Antwerp for an hour, and lost myself in its labyrinth of streets, which cover the ground as the network of a melon covers its surface, running in every variety of direction. Coming home hungry, I shewed the Dutch garçon how to make a sandwich, and ate it in his presence, all which he silently regarded with an intense and grinning admiration.

Monday, 10th.—Called at a house to deliver a letter of introduction. It was one of the really princely mansions that abound in Antwerp, with a grand, broad staircase, and quite palatial altogether. An invitation from the lady there to her next party, and offers of further civilities.

We were this evening regaled at the house of an hospitable Fleming, with tea, gingerbread and cakes, Bordeaux, and Rhine wine, all placed on the table at the same time.

Afterwards we went, between eight and nine o'clock, to the Philarmonie ball. I have seen nothing in England, of the kind, so good in point of management and effect. The Philarmonie is a club here, and from time to time they give these balls: it is necessary to be introduced by a

member.* Servants in livery passed us up the staircase, and into the ball-room, a very fine hall, having a vaulted ceiling, supported on columns, behind which, on each side of the room, runs a sort of cloister or corridor, with a raised floor, where the spectators stand, out of the way of the dancers. The decoration is in the Renaissance style, in colours and gilding. We found this room brilliantly lighted, and filled with some three or four hundred people, the greater part of them dancing vigorously, and in good time (people in an English ball-room never dance in time) to the music of an excellent band. Rigorous full

* An admission ticket to a ball at the Union, a similar institution to the Philarmonie, is a plain card, bearing the words

'Cercle de l'Union.
Bal du 2 février 1842.
Présentation d'Etranger.
Carte d'Entrée
pour Monsieur * * *
présentée par Monsieur * * *.
Le Commissaire délégué
No. 1. * * *

'On ne pourra être admis qu'en souliers et en bas de soie.'

At the foot also, of the tickets of admission to the Philarmonie, is printed the following notice,

'Art 36 du Réglement. Personne ne sera reçu aux Redoutes en bottes, ni avec une mise contraire aux égards dûs a la société.'

dress is made a sine quâ non: boots for instance, are not admissible in male costume, insomuch, that even officers in uniform wear shoes, which has a grotesque effect.*

As you enter, a servant gives you a card, with directions as to the figures of the quadrilles printed on one side, and, on the other, the order of the dances in general, as, *galop—contre-danse—valse—contre-danse—galop*, and so forth, and also, on the same side, a table for engagements, *as, 1st, 2d, and 3d contre-danses, &c.*,—*1st, 2d, and 3d valses, &c.*,†—and your very important busi-

* See last Note.

† One of the programmes distributed at the Union balls is selected for illustration. It is a large paper ticket, with a flowery border in gold, enclosing at top, the words 'Cercle de l'Union,' and within, as follows,

'*Ordre des danses.*

1re *Partie.*	2me *Partie.*
1r Galop.	4e Galop.
1e Contre-danse.	6e Contre-danse.
1e Valse.	4e Valse.
2e Contre-danse.	7e Contre-danse.
2e Galop.	5e Galop.
3e Contre-danse.	8e Contre-danse.
2e Valse.	5e Valse.
4e Contre-danse.	9e Contre-danse.
3e Galop.	6e Galop.
5e Contre-danse.	
3e Valse.	

ness, if you care about dancing, is, at once to engage partners for the whole length and breadth of the ball, and, for the contre-danses, vis à vis

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Engagements.

Contre-danses.

1 _____
2 _____
3 _____
4 _____
5 _____
6 _____
7 _____
8 _____
9 _____

Valses.

1 _____
2 _____
3 _____
4 _____
5 _____

Valses.

2 _____
3 _____
4 _____
5 _____

Galops.

1 _____
2 _____
3 _____
4 _____
5 _____
6 _____

Figures pour toutes les contre-danses.

1. *La Poule.*

Traversez 2 en se donnant la main droite.
Retraversez en se donnant la main gauche.
Balancez sur une ligne.
La demi queue du chat.
En avant deux.
Dos à dos.
En avant quatre.
La demi chaine Anglaise.

2. *L'Eté.*

En avant deux.
Traversez.
Chassez dechassez.
Retraversez.
Chaine de dames.
Balancez.
Un tour de mains.

3. *La Trénise.*

Un cavalier avec sa dame en avant 8 mesures.
Placez la dame à la gauche du cavalier de vis-à-vis.
Traversez avec les deux dames.
Retraversez, balancez.

also. If you do not look particularly sharp after this duty, you are certain to languish all night in ignoble idleness, among respectable fathers of families, and *les tapisseries*, as the ladies who immoveably line the walls, are here called. The quadrilles differ somewhat from those danced in England.* The valses and galops last only a certain fixed time, as to which, and also, the intervals between all the dances, the orchestra have their instructions beforehand. As a notice of the commencement of each dance, they play a few bars of its appropriate music.

A valse or a galop is a very animated scene here. Not a thin stream of couples, but a broad belt of them, composed, perhaps, of two hundred

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4. *La Joyeuse.*

En avant quatre et en arrière.	La chaine de dames.
Les cavaliers changent de dames par un tour de mains.	Balancez, un tour de mains à vos dames.
Idem en avant quatre et en arrière.	On prie MM les danseurs placés en face de l'Orchestre de vouloir bien commencer les figures.
Et un tour de mains à vos dames en place.	Les personnes qui ne dansent pas sont priées de se retirer sous les colonnes au 1r signal de la danse.'

At the Philarmonie balls, the second part commences with the 'Grande Colonne,' a dance somewhat resembling the English country dance, but considered too bourgeois to be admitted into the programme of the more aristocratic Union.

* See last Note.

men and women or more, encircles the dancing arena, all furiously whirling round and round, faster as it seems, and faster, every moment, with an effect of motion indescribable.

Decidedly, the ladies were better dressed, on the average, than in England, and there was a very satisfactory display of handsome faces and fine figures,—more *belles femmes*,—which may by no means be translated, *pretty girls*,—than I have seen together for a long time.

About twelve o'clock, people began to think of their suppers. Instead of a general arrangement of long tables, as at our public balls, where people are squeezed uncomfortably together, and eat and drink at haphazard, a number of small tables were placed up and down the refreshment rooms, as in a café, and at these, different little parties sat, their several suppers having been previously bespoken at a sort of bar, and the names of the bespeakers, on cards, being then pinned to the table-cloths to mark the places as taken. Pâtés de foie gras, oysters, cold fowl, and Champagne, were the average refreshments in vogue.

A lady, young, and so forth, is soon engaged for all the dances of the night, and, when asked for the honour and pleasure, &c., she will refer to

princes, like those of Genoa and Venice,—worthy gentlemen of magnificent taste, and right liberal patrons of art.* Fine old Gothic houses, stately

* "When the rest of Europe was subject to despotism, and involved in comparative ignorance and barbarism, the court of the Counts of Flanders was the chosen residence of liberty, civilization, and useful knowledge; and when the ships of other nations scarcely ventured beyond the sight of land, those of the Flemish merchants traversed the ocean, and Bruges and Antwerp possessed all the commerce and wealth of the north of Europe.—Before the end of the 15th century, Bruges and Antwerp were the great marts of the commercial world, and contained each about 200,000 inhabitants (in 1838, the population of Antwerp was 77,162.) In the Flemish court of the Duke of Burgundy, named Philip the Good, about 1455, luxurious living was carried to a vicious and foolish excess. The wealthy were clad in gorgeous velvets, satins, and jewellery, and their banquets were given with almost incredible splendour.—The arts were cultivated with great success. Van Eyck invented the beautiful oil colours for which the Flemish school is renowned. Painting on glass, polishing diamonds, lace, tapestry, and chimes were also invented in Belgium, at this period. Most of the magnificent cathedrals and town-halls in the country were built in the 13th and 14th centuries. (qr.) History, poetry, and learning were much cultivated.—In the reign of Charles V. the Scheldt at Antwerp often contained 2500 vessels, waiting their turn to come to the wharfs; her gates were daily entered by 500 loaded waggons; and her exchange was attended, twice a day, by 5000 merchants, who expended 130,000 golden crowns in a single banquet given to Philip, the son of Charles V."—Macculloch's Geographical Dictionary, Vol. i. pp. 346, 347.

palatial residences of more modern date, the cunning handiwork of the architect and sculptor attest this in the public ways; and within, in private chambers and public galleries, in the churches, in apparently unlikely holes and corners, everywhere in the penetralia of the land, glorious pictures, costly carvings and frescos, curiously wrought metal-work, and elaborate decorations of every kind, develop themselves in rich profusion. Neglect, decay, and spoliation, the rust of time, and the repeated visits of dealers and amateurs, ever ready to buy and carry away, have done their work, but Antwerp is still pre-eminently a city of art.

The street scenery is admirable. There is, in parts, a strong prevalence of the massive, rich, palatial architecture of the seventeenth century, with its heavily-moulded architraves, salient cornices, balustrades, and vases, and its deeply-relieved carvings, surmounting, and, as it were, encrusting the archways of vast portes cochères, all telling with grand effect, in varied repetition, and combination with other forms. There is also much of a mixed Italian of an earlier date. In the older parts of the city, the houses present a succession of gables facing the street, finished

mostly in the form of steps,—in a variety also, of other fantastic shapes. There is much elaborate ornament about many of them, and it is impossible to exaggerate their pictorial effect, as you view them in an irregular perspective of gables aforesaid, doors and windows, balconies, carved work, pinnacles, and turrets, in stone, and stucco, and red brick, of every variety of hue, all crowded together like a wild architectural dream.

The variety of combinations is endless, and here and there, the beautiful filigree-work spire of the cathedral is seen, rising beyond the houses, a happy finish to the picture. There is much of Spanish taste in the buildings, and the women, moving about in their long graceful mantillas, are appropriate 'figures' as artists would call them, in the scenery. The Bourse is absolutely Moorish in its arrangement, and even in its detail. It is built over cloisters surrounding a square court; the arches forming the arcade are what English architects term ogee, and are divided by slender clustered and banded columns; the spandrils, on the exterior, are filled with minute carved work, and the groining within is of an intricate pattern, and extremely beautiful; at opposite corners diagonally, two quaint-looking towers rise above the

building. The whole effect is striking and peculiar. It is worthy of note, that Sir Thomas Gresham is said to have adopted this Bourse as the model for his London Royal Exchange.

I was once in Antwerp in June. To wander in the cool hours of the summer twilight along those old streets, hearing every now and then the sweet-toned chime of the cathedral bells, marking the hour and its subdivisions,—those bells that had perhaps rung the same tunes,—let us at any rate, suppose it,—in the ears of the burghers of Antwerp three centuries before,—it seemed like being verily transported back to the days when they were first hung in their tower. Those days were not, however, better than these, in essentials, albeit, as regards the picturesque, the romantic, and the artistic, they were certainly very bewitching times;—the carillon was set up in 1540, a few years after which date the Spanish reign of terror commenced in the Netherlands.

Things as they were long ago, are continually presented to your notice in this very old-fashioned place. Desiring, one evening, to effect a money exchange, I found out, with some difficulty, the person to whom I had been directed for the purpose. It was dusk when I reached his house,

the door of which he opened himself. His slip-shod, bat-like appearance, as if he always lived in-doors, and the aspect of the room in which we transacted our business, a queer, dark, dusty place, neither a shop, nor a counting-house, nor an ordinary living-room exactly, but made up of the attributes of all three, reminded me of the days of Quinten Matsys, when he painted his picture of 'The Two Misers,' faithfully copying probably, three hundred years ago, the same sort of scene and details as were then before me.

The most noticeable shops in Antwerp seem to be those of the mercers and lace-venders, the gingerbread and cake shops, the braziers, and the tobacconists. Of each sort there is a great number. The lacework and silks of Antwerp are celebrated. I once took particular pains to ascertain the precise form and fashion of that most graceful garment, the Spanish mantilla, which, or at any rate a modification of it, is in common wear here, and found it to be a piece of rich, stiff, black silk, some three yards long for a short woman, and four for a tall one, cut square at the two ends, and finished there with a black silk fringe :—it is just simply, in fact, an ample scarf. They fold it,—I had a lesson in the art,—in width once, and

arrange it over the top of the head, a little shading the face, and then the ends hang down in front, nearly to the feet,—or they throw it off the head, letting it fall gracefully pendant from the elbows or shoulders. The best of these mantillas, of a stiff, leathery richness of silk unknown in England, costs about one hundred francs. There is a peculiar cap too, worn by the women, with large semicircular flaps falling down on each side of the face, very becoming to many. Over this, some wear a sort of straw bonnet, with a high conical-shaped crown, and a mere apology for a brim.

The women of the lower orders never wear the thing we call a bonnet,—the legitimate, shapeless, unmeaning, hideous bonnet. They wear, either the peculiar straw pot I have just described, or clean lace caps, or handkerchiefs bound round the head, or the mantilla. The latter is very common; you see it, to admirable effect, on figures moving about and grouping together in the streets, or kneeling on the pavements of the churches.

It has always seemed to me to be regretted, that the poorer women of England should have no costume of their own;—that they should persist in a draggled-tail and vulgar imitation of the

dress of those whom by courtesy we will call 'the ladies of the land' (a sailor, in a police court, once described *a gentleman*, as a man who wore a long-tailed coat) instead of taking to themselves, as in other countries, a certain distinct *class* costume, which, as it would be worn by the great majority, would be, in fact, a *national* costume, and which, from the cheapness of its materials, they might always afford to have, in clean, seemly, and decent condition. It would be a great saving to them, and a real addition to their comfort. As it is, our servant girls, and the wives of our labourers and mechanics, go about, so many shabby-genteel reproductions of the costume of Her Majesty Queen Victoria: it is the same bonnet, the same shawl and gown, the same tout ensemble,—only, —in greater or less degree,—shabbier, coarser, or worse chosen and put on. The real dignity of the poor woman, let it be observed,—and it *is* of importance that her dignity should be maintained, —would be much promoted by her adopting a costume of her own.

Apropos of the dress of womankind in Antwerp, I could fancy that many of the women there retain much of the Spanish blood of the land's

former rulers: they are frequently tall and dark, with fine figures, and in their black mantillas look as if they had come from Madrid by the last train. Indeed the Spanish stamp appears indelible here.

To continue the subject of costume, might not the use of sabots be introduced into England? They are said to be, when worn with woollen socks inside, remarkably warm, and very wholesome wear, and the cost of leather shoes bears heavily upon our poor population. I suppose though, if the attempt were made, we should hear revived, the old senseless rhyme, of "no Jews,—no wooden shoes!" There is in Antwerp, a shop containing wooden shoes enough to give corns to all Flanders, and where, be it recorded for valuable information, a pair of the commonest description, child's size, cost me three sous, others, very neatly made, and lined and trimmed with fur, a franc and a half, and an enormous pair, fit for an elephant, half a franc.

I have already noticed the braziers' shops: the place seems to possess many and cunning workers in brass and copper, of whose handiwork there is great display in the shop-windows. Milk is car-

her memoranda of engagements before vouchsafing a reply. Some carry about elegant little books for the purpose, and some use the leaves of their fans. Thus, the proposal assumes quite the character of a matter of business,—a negociation :—"Mademoiselle, may I have the honour of dancing the first valse with you ?—I regret, but it is taken. The second ?—No,—stay,—I can give you the fourth,—or the third galop, if you like,—&c. &c.," and the two quietly book the engagement. It was laughable to see a crowd of expectant youths standing round the entrance door, and eagerly closing upon each young lady as she entered, just as tame fish dart upon a piece of bread thrown into their glass vase, assailing her, books and pencils in hand, with petitions, making their night up, and 'taking a note of it.'

After the ball, the men go into the club-rooms down stairs, to play and bet, at cards, billiards, and other games, drink beer and punch, and smoke. Here are always to be met, a host of members who have not attended the ball, but who have awaited its breaking up, for the sake of the play and gossip that ensues, and if you descend into these infernal regions, depend upon it, it will be very late before you are in bed.

Up to a reasonable hour, the Club provides carriages at its own expense, to take the company home; it even professes to call for them at their own houses, to bring them to the ball, on the same easy terms. The perfection of all the arrangements, and the way in which the entertainment was carried on, smoothly and uninterruptedly, from beginning to end, evidently the result of a systematic study of the art and mystery of ball-giving, was very remarkable.

Tuesday, 11th.—To-night at the Opera; the house full, and the opera, scenery, dresses, &c., good. A particular part of the pit is called 'le parquet militaire,' where officers of both services are admitted at a lower price than the rest of the public.

Wednesday, 12th.—To-day a walk out of town to Berchem, through a pleasant suburb of gardens and small country-houses. We afterwards followed the outside of the fortifications to the Borgerhout gate, a ponderous, but rather imposing piece of architecture.

The wonderful picturesqueness, the artistic treasures of this curious old town! In the time of her commercial prosperity, once great, Antwerp could boast of her wealthy burghers,—merchant-

take not, than that of the days of Louis the Fourteenth, but nothing of a more remote stamp.* The huge roof is, I find, parcelled out into granaries and store-rooms.

The cathedral of St. Gudule is a fine and spacious church, and contains some very perfect specimens of stained glass, of no great antiquity,—perhaps of the earlier part of the seventeenth century, and by no means in the best taste. The subjects are not suitable to the material, most of them containing heavy masses of architecture. Stone columns and cornices are not things to be represented with effect, on so obviously fragile a material as window-glass, and between the slender lines of Gothic tracery. The uniformity and dulness of colour belonging to architecture, is also against its successful adoption as a subject for glass pictures.

A pulpit here is a curious specimen of carving, being in great part composed of foliage and interlaced boughs, with large birds perched upon them.†

* The abdication of Charles the Fifth took place in the great hall, in the year 1555, and tapestries recording the event are still preserved.—For numerous similar memoranda, see the 'Handbook' before referred to.

† This is considered the masterpiece of Verbruggen.

The statues on brackets, placed against the pillars of the nave, and many other decorations, — so called by courtesy,—in this church, are excrescences, introduced with that ignorance, and utter disregard of appropriateness and *feeling*, which too often characterizes the works of the 17th century.

The new town of Brussels is an affectation of Paris, and perhaps a handsome one. The Rue Royale is a fine, broad street, the Place Royale an imposing square, the Park a pretty promenade, and the King's palace, that of the Prince of Orange, and the other buildings in their neighbourhood, are at any rate, of the plain and respectable order of architecture. In fact, this district is like one of the fashionable modern quarters of Paris, cut out and set down in Belgium, leaving behind, however, all the metropolitan attractions that belong to Paris only as a great, glorious, giddifying capital.

I prefer Antwerp. I believe there is excellent society to be met with in Brussels, but it is one of those unsatisfactory places which have nothing national or original about them, being just neither Flemish, French, English, nor anything else distinctly,—an omnium gatherum of nations, and without any character of its own.

But, near the capital of Belgium is a place called Waterloo, where, on the 18th of June, 1815, a great battle was fought.

About 10 o'clock one midsummer morning, —it was a few days after the anniversary of the battle,—a party of us left our hotel in one of its carriages, to visit the field. Great part of the way, the road lies through the Forest of Soignies. Leaving this, the Pyramid of the Lion is seen in front, rising in the distance above the intervening objects. That mound overlooks the field of Waterloo,—and thenceforth you can think of nothing else, if you have even thought of other things since you left Brussels,—a supposition, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, utterly improbable. We passed through Waterloo itself, a common-looking village: our coachman pointed out a house, where, he said, the Duke of Wellington had slept the night before the engagement. Waterloo joins itself to another village, called, if I remember rightly, Jolibois, and after a slight interruption of the line of scattered habitations, you reach Mont St. Jean, a group of small houses, of which the principal one is the Inn.

Here we engaged the services of Edward Cotton,

late Sergeant Major in the 7th Hussars, who had been himself in the battle. He mounted behind our carriage, and we proceeded in the direction of Hougoumont, along one of the many roads that intersect the field.

There was to me, something very startling and exciting, in finding oneself actually in the midst of the scene of that grand game of 'French and English,' of which one had heard and read since one's childhood. Here, had been posted such a regiment of infantry,—there, our cavalry had made a charge,—on yonder hill the French had planted a battery,—and beneath this bank our columns had awaited the word, to rise and attack!

The general appearance of the field of Waterloo is that of an undulating surface, having a general rise on each of the positions occupied respectively by the two armies, between which, indeed, a decided valley or channel ran for their whole length, in a semicircular form,—and, ranged along the opposite sides of this valley, they assumed, the English a convex, the French, a concave line of front. The southern, or French side of the field, continues to rise as far as the eye can reach, so as

to give to the ground occupied by the rearward of their forces, a considerable elevation. We found the greater part of the surface covered, as it is understood to have been at the time of the battle, with waving crops of corn. A few groups of trees were scattered over it at very wide intervals. Hedges there were none. Altogether, without agreeing with Lord Byron, that the place seems *marked out* for the scene of some great action, I should describe it as an admirable arena for two chosen armies, commanded by two master-generals, to try their strength in.

When we had nearly reached the bottom of the valley, the ruins of Hougoumont appeared at a little distance on the left of the road, standing among a few trees, and graced by some green turf in their neighbourhood,—remains of the gardens and grounds once attached to the house. Here we dismissed our carriage, and employed most part of an hour in examining the place, certainly one of the most interesting points in the whole field.

It had been an old-fashioned Flemish château, with porte cochère, court-yard, chapel, and offices. Adjoining, was an orchard, bordered on the side

next the house by a stone balustrade, then partly lying in fragments on the ground. This orchard is surrounded by a wall, in which, besides the loop-holes pierced by the British, there appear to have been several original ones. The whole place seems capable of a long and strong defence. It was a hard-contested spot on that memorable eighteenth of June, as its state sufficiently testified. The external walls were marked with innumerable traces of cannon and musket-shot; its offices, and indeed the whole house, with the exception of the chapel, and a few rooms occupied by a peasant, were a confusion of fire-blackened ruins; its gardens were choked up with weeds and underwood, and everything about it was desolate and decaying. Though exposed during the whole of the battle-day, to the heaviest fire of the French, and assaulted by their most furious onsets, the heart of the position was never once taken, the utmost effected upon it, being perhaps to thrust one or two Frenchmen within the walls, to be instantly bayoneted by its defenders.

Visitors have thought proper to scribble their names all over the walls of the chapel; Southey's name is, I think, there, and we were told that Byron's once was, but, that some short time be-

fore, a French visitor had cut out and carried off the piece of plaster on which it was written. Shall we call this magnanimous, that a Frenchman could set a value upon the autograph of an English poet, on the scene of Waterloo?

From Hougoumont we brought away some slips of ivy from the orchard wall, a rose from an overgrown bush that straggled over the broken balustrade, and a forget-me-not. The ivy and the forget-me-not are now growing in England.

Leaving this château, we walked across the part of the field where the battle had raged in its fiercest heat, and along the ridge, behind which our troops lay, eagerly expecting the long but wisely delayed word that was to send them on to avenge their fallen comrades.

From the summit of the Mount of the Lion, nearly two hundred feet above the ground on which it stands, a satisfactory view of the scene of action is obtained. To the right and left of the site of this pyramid extended the British lines, defended, on the right by the position of Hougoumont, and on the left by that of La Haye Sainte, each a little in advance of the army; opposite, rises the long slope down which Napoleon's legions rushed to the conflict, to strive fiercely, and to be

repulsed; behind, in the direction of Brussels, spreads darkly the forest of Soignies. On the left, are the woods, through which Blücher advanced, and in front, a little to the left, the long, straight road to Genappes, on which took place the terrible carnage inflicted by his troops on the retreating French, and near to which is seen in the distance, La Belle Alliance.

We descended, — examined the monuments erected to the memories of Colonel Gordon and the Hanoverian officers of the German Legion,—in the neighbourhood of whose site the Duke of Wellington stood during the greater part of the day, —and returned to Mont St. Jean.

Our guide had then been on the field about two years, and reckoned the parties visiting it during the season,—the spring, summer, and autumn,—at the average of seven parties per day, each party to consist of three persons. He said the visitors were chiefly English, some few German, and fewer French.

We stopped on our return, at the church of Waterloo, to examine the monuments to the memory of many who fell in the battle. I asked the woman who shewed it, whether she remembered the day. "Oh yes, Sir," she replied,

"I remember this road being filled with the retiring troops, the wounded, the dying, and the dead. J'avais alors douze ans,—on n'oublie pas cette sorte de choses, Monsieur!"

The walls of the church are covered with tablets in memory of the fallen; generally, they were in memory of the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates of a regiment,—sometimes of an individual. There was one, bearing the name of a young cornet, eighteen years of age; Waterloo had been his first and last battle. On another, the sergeant-major of a regiment was particularly mentioned, as;—"their gallant Sergeant-Major, who was shot through the heart while bearing the King's colours,"—the last brave man of many slain in defending them.

They wanted to shew us the grave of the Marquis of Anglesea's leg, and the boot he had worn on it at the time he received the shot that carried it off; but to have permitted this, with our minds just then occupied by the memorials we had seen, of the unforgotten brave, and within sight almost, of the field on which they had fallen, would indeed have been,—not to write it irreverently of the very serious loss of a gallant nobleman's leg,—a violent step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

We were told a curious story,—perhaps a foolish one,—that two years before, the Marquis had been at Waterloo with his two sons and his physician, and had dined in the same house, and off the same table, where his leg had been amputated.

Leaving Brussels by the 4 P. M. train, I reached Antwerp in time for dinner.

ANTWERP.

SATURDAY, 15th.—A thaw commenced, filling the streets with black mud and water, and the atmosphere with a horrible fog.

Dined at the chief restaurant of Antwerp. The service was intolerably slow, and would not have been endured in Paris, where one of the peculiar excellencies of their restaurants is the brilliant cleverness of the garçons: a slow and stupid waiter is there put out of doors at once. I remember however, to have once met with a garçon at one of the most fashionable restaurants on the boulevards, who was *drunk*, so drunk as to be both stupid and insolent. I complained,—and his fellow-waiters said it was infamous.

After dinner, to the party, the first-fruits of my letter of introduction.

We were set down on carpeted steps, under a

porte-cochère, and shewn into a small room, where ladies'-maids and a cheval glass were doing duty, respectively active and passive, and where people deposited hats, cloaks, and swords,—swords, because here all officers, as a general rule, appear at all dress parties, in uniform. As to hats, many men carry a small chapeau bras into the rooms. A servant enquired our names, and leading us through an ante-room, threw open the folding doors at the further end of it, and announced us at the top of his voice. Just within, we found the host, with his wife and daughter, all radiant with gracious and welcoming smiles.

I was handed over to a cousin, who took my arm, and plunged with me into the midst of a crowd of some three hundred people, where, with his help, I 'made my book' for the night: contre-danses were still to be had, at a fair price, but valses and galops had been nearly all taken up, and were quite at a premium. A dancing stranger, among so many new faces, called by such strange and unfamiliar names, must use his wits, lest he should forget an engagement, or lose his lady or his vis à vis, all mortal offences.

The rooms had been recently redecorated, and this ball was, I believe, intended for a sort of

house-warming after the process. There were five of them and a hall, on the ground floor, en suite; completing the square of the house, so that you could walk through them as long as you pleased, without turning back. They were elegantly and richly furnished, with silk hangings, turkey carpets, marble, and or-moulu chandeliers and candelabra. The principal dancing-room was a large square, the walls hung with crimson silk damask, let into panels, with white and gold wood-work and decorations, large mirrors, and a costly marble chimney-piece. The floor was of elaborate inlaid work, of various light-coloured woods and ebony, as fine as the marqueterie of a cabinet, and polished like glass. The lighting, by a profusion of wax candles, was perfect.

A crowd of guests, so dense that you could scarcely move, here waited for something to do, and talked as fast and as much as they could, in the meantime. At a given signal, the curtains of the centre window of three occupying one side of the room, were suddenly drawn back by an invisible hand, and disclosed the orchestra, in a small pavilion, opening by the window into the room, lined with crimson damask, and lighted by a lamp hanging from the centre of the roof: the effect

was very theatrical and pretty. Simultaneously arose the preliminary groans and squeaks of the instruments, and immediately, partners were singled out, a space was cleared, and the dancing began. The band-master from time to time shouted out the names of the figures of the contre-danse, and directions for the different parts of them, and he did it in the oddest way, opening his eyes wide as he called out, so that they seemed to be worked by strings tied to his jaws, and puffing out his cheeks, and finally, appearing to make a violent swallow of a very large plum, exactly as if he went by clockwork,—all the time fiddling away, as for dear life.

One large room was appropriated to card-playing, in which both men and women here indulge most systematically. Ices and other pleasant things were carried about, and we had supper in a suite of rooms on the first floor. It was served out by servants standing behind long tables, as shopmen stand behind counters, and a welcome pair circulated about among the guests, one carrying a supply of Champagne, and the other, a basketful of long glasses.

It was a well-managed affair, and the company, the best of Antwerpian society,—the governor, the burgomaster, the two generals, the *nobles*, as

they are called here,—that is, the class, who with us, are titled or untitled people, as the case may be, of established family and condition,—the consuls, leading merchants and bankers (many of the grandees here are in some way or other, engaged in mercantile pursuits) and a few of the staff, and officers of the garrison. Many of the women were strikingly handsome. We were, I think, the only *English* English there.

It is the established custom, for the invited to fee the servants handsomely on leaving the house, and you are sure to find a major-domo at the door, who receives the five-franc pieces quite as a matter of course.

Sunday, 16th.—An Irish gentleman resident in Antwerp, related to me this evening, some details of the late revolution and siege. When the Belgians began to attack the Dutch troops here and there in the city, Chassé fired upon it from the citadel, with shot and shell. Many houses were set on fire, and much damage was done: near the citadel a whole street was burned down. Mr. O'Grady,* who was an old soldier, saw the flames;

* Once for all, the names 'O'Grady, Smid, De Kipdorp, Danvers, and De St. Jacques, which occur in the text, are fictitious. It may be sufficient to add, that the persons thus designated are real.

he took his wife to the top of the house, and said: —"Now ma chère, it is burning *there*, and it may soon be burning *here*;"—so they put themselves, and their children, and household, and their more valuable property, into the cellar, laying down carpets, and making themselves as comfortable as circumstances permitted. They had only just established themselves below ground, when a heavy shot fell in the court-yard.

The inhabitants of Antwerp were in the greatest alarm: panic-stricken crowds fled incontinently into the country, and suffered there, many of them, the greatest distress, wading through water and mud, and seeking in vain for lodgings, for the villages and farm-houses were soon all occupied. O'Grady seems to have made himself conspicuously active and useful, and his house became a depôt for his neighbours' plate and valuables. The sœurs noires, fifty nuns who live next door to him, were in great trouble, running hither and thither, at their wits' end. He persuaded the superior to keep them all quiet within their own walls, promising assistance in case of their house being fired by a shell, or other accident occurring, and for communication between their premises and his own, he tied a string to a bell in his yard,

and passed the other end through a window of the nunnery.

Then came the siege. Every day and all day, O'Grady stood at a window at the top of a house on the esplanade, an extensive grassy space separating the city from the fortress, and watched every shot, which he was able to do, the place commanding a plunging view of the citadel and adjacent country. The position was a perfectly safe one, an understanding having been arrived at between the contending parties, that the city was to be respected.

A young man whom he knew, and who related the anecdote to him, was working at one of the Dutch guns: a continuous fire had played for some time upon the piece, and O'Grady's informant told him, that at one particular time, he had a conviction in his own mind, that so soon as he placed his thumb on the vent, to stop it for sponging, he should lose his hand. He did his duty however,—the expected shot came,—and carried away his hand.

The besieged had mounted a number of rampart-guns, or large swivel-muskets, and being ever on the watch, so soon as a French head shewed itself above the trenches, so surely a bullet passed

through it, or whistled very martial, but most unwelcome music in its ears.

A party of the French had at one time obtained possession of an out-work, and being immediately afterwards, by a turn in the tide of war, cut off from communication with their comrades, passed twenty-four hours there, without food, and wretchedly exposed to the Dutch fire. At length, one of the sutler women who attended the French army, put off in a punt from the opposite side of the moat, with refreshments for these unfortunate soldiers:—the Dutch ceased their fire till she had passed over and returned, resuming it as soon as she was out of danger. Indeed the good understanding between the Dutch and French was perfect, the former quite comprehending that the latter had been brought there to do a certain piece of work, which it was their duty to do effectually, and the latter entertaining the utmost admiration for the courage of the Dutch,—which however, was not, in the popular sense of the expression, by any means *Dutch courage*,—and thinking them quite in the right in holding out, both parties meanwhile, blazing away at each other, with the most furious good-will.

After the surrender, the garrison marched out,

and delivered up their arms, as they filed past the French general. My friend stood close by the spot where this ceremony took place. One Dutch officer, instead of quietly handing over his sword, threw it down angrily, as disdaining the ignominy of surrendering it into an enemy's hands :—the French general immediately picked it up, and handed it back to him, saying ;—"Take it, Sir,—there can be no one more worthy to wear it than yourself." On the same occasion, the Dutch and French soldiers cordially *fraternized*,—to use an expression of the time,—the latter sharing the contents of their campaigning bottles, &c. with their adversaries. All this is very refreshing to think of, and reminds one of the story,—of which I confess to have forgotten the who, the when, and the where, as also other exact particulars, unless it be of English and French in the year 1745, at the battle of Fontenoy,—but in general effect it is of two hostile armies about to engage, when the officer commanding the leading troops on one side, called out to the enemy, hat in hand ;—"Gentlemen, will you do us the honour to fire first ?" and the reply was ;—"By no means ;—pray do us the favour to begin."

Mr. O'Grady entered the citadel immediately

after the surrender, and described the scene as sufficiently dismal and horrifying: the whole interior had been ploughed up, battered, and, as it were, crushed and annihilated, by shot and shell; the buried dead were scarcely hidden by the soil loosely scattered over them, here and there parts of the bodies appearing on the surface, and a noisome steam rose from their graves.

I happened myself to visit Antwerp in 1837, when the events of the then recent siege were peculiarly matter of public interest, and, one evening, after dinner, a sort of involuntary magnetism drew our idly-wandering steps towards the citadel. We reached the esplanade. So near,—and not to see the inside!—it was more than British curiosity could endure! The travelling English had worn the patience of the military authorities to threads, and, aware of this, we had made no attempt to obtain a permit. We determined however, to try what might be effected by civil eloquence, backed by the exhibition of our passports,—and so,—looking as much as possible as if we had an entire right to do it, we boldly marched along the winding road leading to the gate. Here a sentry stopped us of course,—we began to explain,—the sentry called up a sergeant,

—the sergeant took us to the officer of the guard, —the officer of the guard roused himself from a sleep he was enjoying in a small room under the gateway, snatched up his cap and sword, and came out to us. He opened his eyes wide at the English ladies,—we were in force in that arm,—I watched him narrowly, and marked the effect on his nerves; four British bonnets all in a row, were too much for him in his half-awakened state,—and without more ado, as soon as he heard what we wanted, he sent the sergeant with us to the commandant. Eventually, from the fair lips of a young lady in the latter gentleman's house, we received the permission to inspect the citadel.

A very small boy conducted us over the place. He was a strange little animal. From associating, I suppose, in that military community, so much with men, and so little with boys, he had acquired a manner and mode of expression far beyond what belonged to his years, and yet he retained in great measure, the simple ways of a child. As a specimen of the infant military, he deserves a special notice. He would tell us, very gravely, the history of the citadel, and in the pauses between our enquiries, pluck grass, or throw stones, or take a hop-step-and-jump, as childishly as possible.

Then he spoke three or four languages in a certain way, Flemish, German, English a little, and French. I asked him, whether he could speak much of the latter. "Oui, monsieur," he replied, "je puis assez bien parler Français; pour *parler*, vous savez, monsieur, mais pas pour *causer*." This distinction of his between *parler* and *causer*, was notable.

The breach on the side next the Lunette St. Laurent was pointed out to us. Not far off was the building which had served for an hospital during the siege, a long, low erection of strong timber-work, above which a bank of earth was heaped, so as to render it bomb-proof. Its interior resembled much the between-decks of a ship. The place was suggestive of moans and groans,—of restless agonies,—of gasping, feverish dyings,—of bloody and ghastly horrors of all kinds. We read the dispatches detailing a grand military exploit, and wax enthusiastic as we read,—we rejoice at victory, or we burn with shame and indignation at defeat,—we take in and consider these things in the abstract,—but how little do we, at the time, think of the individual sufferings implied, one case of which, presented as a specimen to our observation, in the midst of our every-day, fire-

side life, would afflict us with the nightmare for months. Let us take the instance of a single soldier, painfully dying his bloody death on an hospital mattress, or at the bottom of a ditch,—sad and shocking to see. But this is not all. The man dies.—Let us then mark the little circle of misery that forms itself around this single episode,—the grief of wife, children, parents, friends, —the destitution of some, the mournful regrets of all,—an infected spot upon the face of society, like the inflamed and gangrenous patch that surrounds the death-wound of the victim;—let us multiply the single soldier's sufferings, and the knot of sorrowing survivors, by hundreds and thousands,—and we shall arrive at something like an estimate of the fearful effects of war, and thereafter perchance, receive the account of a great, or even of a little battle, with sadder and wiser consideration

A fragment of a shell thrown from the monster-mortar used by the French, attracted our notice. It was tremendous to look at and to think of.

At the commencement of the siege, there had stood within the citadel, two hundred houses and a church,—a complete village,—but the French fire had reduced all to a mass of ruins, which had been since removed, and the whole enclosure

within the fortress, was then an open space, with the exception of the hospital, and a barrack in course of building. We visited the casemate, where brave old Chassé had lived during the fighting, a sort of cellar under a bank, arched in brick, in dimensions I should say, about twenty-five feet by ten or twelve. A wooden cornice running across the arch shewed where curtains had separated the general's bed from the rest of the apartment. It was a cold, wretched-looking abode. We took a glance at the deep ditches and embankments without, and then departed. It had been a scientific attack and a brave defence, and there is always, I think, a satisfaction in having visited such famous localities.

At the time I refer to, viz. the summer of 1837, the prosperity of Antwerp was visibly depressed by the effects of the revolution. The quays, and the magnificent basins, the sole relics of Napoleon's great works here, were almost deserted,—no sign was there of that commercial prosperity for which the city had once been famed, and a most striking phenomenon of the times, was the remarkable stillness that reigned in the public ways; rarely was a carriage or a horse to be seen or heard in them, and the people walked fearlessly

along the middle of the street, as if wheels and hoofs had not been there for centuries, and were not expected there again ever.

To return to present times, to-night I made a discursive promenade of my walk home. I like Antwerp by night; as you wander through its labyrinth of streets by dim lamplight, you stumble upon little bits of picturesque architectural effect,—angles and corners, curious little squares, and points where many ways meet,—just such as Retzsch sometimes introduces as the background in his outlines. In great populous cities, like London and Paris, either such irregularities have been planed down and modernized, by metropolitan improvement commissioners and municipal boards, or the pleasant mystery of their nocturnal effect is destroyed by the flare and glare of abundant gaslight, flashing upon them as inopportunely and provokingly, as that of the footlights upon the well rouged and powdered complexion of an ancient prima donna.

Then, to help the effect of night-pictures in Antwerp, at frequent intervals the cathedral chimes break forth on the ear, with their silvery sounds, seeming to come from a band of angels playing upon bells in the clouds.

Monday, 17th.—There is a pulpit in the church of St. Andrew, representing our Saviour's call of Simon Peter and Andrew, a most wonderful specimen of carving in wood. The figures are of the size of life, and the boat about eight feet long; the nets, fish, and seaweed, are represented with a marvellous dexterity. As a work of art, the piece has great merit, besides that which it possesses as mere handiwork.* Carvers in wood seem to have attained at one time, in this country, to such facility and perfection in their art, as to have become, in fact, statuaries, executing works on the most daring scale, and with eminent success. Wood became, in their hands, another means of embodying conceptions which are commonly wrought out only in marble and bronze.

I made an evening call at half-past eight. It is the custom here, to call on your friends in the evening, sans cérémonie. We found ours, to-night, quite en famille, the master of the house in slippers, and the ladies in morning dress, but our coming in was taken as a matter of course, and there were no apologies or explanations on

* The sculptor was Van Hool.

either side. This implies a common-sense view of things, much, I think, to be commended.

Tuesday, 18th.—The cathedral. Its architecture is what we call in England, perpendicular. The richly ornamented steeple is, of course, its great external feature. This rises, a mass of elaborate tracery and open-work, to the height, it is said, of nearly five hundred feet. The guide books say, nearly five hundred, the statements commonly received as authentic, assigning four hundred and sixty-six, while a very respectable authority, the Penny Magazine, asserts that the true measure is three hundred and sixty. Omne ignotum pro magnifico;—let us take it at five hundred. At the top is a beautiful open-work lantern, and above this, a smaller continuation, also in delicate filigree. The effect of this tower is glorious. The best view I found of it, was from the Longue Rue Neuve. I consider it a fortunate accident, that the southern tower has remained unbuilt; as it is, the one rises in solitary grandeur; the two would have divided admiration.

Over a pump, near the western entrance, is a gothic canopy in iron-work, said to be the work of Quinten Matsys, or Quintin Messys, as the name

is sometimes spelled, the blacksmith of Antwerp, who, as the story runs, falling in love with a painter's daughter, exchanged the hammer for the pencil. He appears to have used both with the skill and taste of an accomplished artist. In these days we scarcely appreciate an artistic blacksmith, but it was otherwise when Quinten Matsys lived. The guide book says there is, near the same western door of the cathedral, a tablet to his memory, with this verse,

"Connubialis Amor de Mulcibre fecit Apellem."

The interior of the cathedral is vast in length, and breadth, and height. In point of works of art, the chief attraction is the famous 'Descent from the Cross' by Rubens. Without pretending to connoisseurship, or allowing on the other hand, that I am merely influenced by what I have heard and read of this picture, I will just venture to record my small independent opinion, that it is, in truth, a magnificent work: the arrangement of the figures appears to me, excellent, their attitudes, particularly that of the dead Saviour, heavily falling into the hands of the supporters below, perfect, and the lights admirably distributed. The picture has, on each side, a folding-door, also painted by Rubens inside and out, so that the

whole piece consists of five compartments. It hangs on the east side of the south transept, near the corner of the side-aisle of the choir. In the corresponding situation in the north transept is the 'Raising of the Cross,' by the same master, also a fine picture, but in the neighbourhood of the 'Descent' odious comparisons naturally suggest themselves. The light in which the 'Raising' is placed, is not nearly so good as that of the chef d'œuvre. It also, has four pictures on doors attached, those inside being a continuation of the centre subject.

There are other good pictures in the church, but I was satisfied for the time, with the great work. Travellers are apt to indulge, as a sort of duty, in promiscuous rhapsodies on what they see, in any quantity, in churches and galleries, but I am certain it is not easy to appreciate too many beautiful things at once; whether they are the works of nature or of art, if they are presented to the eye and mind in overwhelming abundance, admiration soon changes, whatever people may affect to the contrary, to indifference. *Avis aux étrangers.*

One of the services commenced. A bell was heard, faintly tinkling in the vast space, and presently, the full melody of the organ, assisted by a

powerful orchestra, burst upon the ear. The sound rolled along the vaulted roof, and rising in its swell, filled every corner of the immense pile with its harmony: suddenly it sank to a soft, gentle expression,—and then arose the beautiful chant of the choir. It is easy to understand the pious fervour of Roman Catholics under such circumstances as these: the senses are taken, as it were, by storm;—there is no escape for them, from the overpowering effect of the bewitching music, the solemn pomp, the clouds of incense, and the sublime architecture. False and deceptive *may* be the feelings of such moments,—I do not say that they *are* so,—but they are irresistible for the time, —and further, they no doubt leave some permanent impression on the mind, and contribute to give to the faith in question, that general *exaltation* which so peculiarly characterizes it.

Wednesday, 19th.—A ball to-night at the Union, another club here, and the most fashionable and select one, so that their balls are a sort of Antwerp Almack's. The ball-room is handsome, and chaste in its decoration, white and gold being the prevailing tone of colouring.

An excellent restorative, very popular at Ant-

werp balls, is hot bouillon, or strong beef tea, served out in small cups.

The dancing ended about two, and as soon as the last lady had quitted the room, the men lighted their cigars, and commenced play, supper-eating, and champagne-drinking.

Thursday, 20th.—A series of calls. Friends, at any rate, acquaintances who seem always glad to see you, and who pay you all possible civil attention, are easily made here: the general disposition of the society of the place is decidedly amiable and hospitable.

Dined on board an English ship lying in the basin, engaged in the trade to Buenos Ayres. The captain described the atrocities committed by Rosas. Systematic assassinations by his orders, were matter of daily, or rather nightly occurrence: his agents go to the victim's house, send in word that the police want to see him, lead him outside the town, and there quietly cut his throat, leaving him to be picked up and brought home by his friends the next morning, with his diamond rings on his fingers and his money in his pocket,—this respect for his property being intended to shew, to all whom it may concern, that he has been

killed, not for the sake of robbing him, but for political reasons; that in fact, it is an execution, and not a common murder, that has taken place.

We sat carousing in the cabin till the dock-police made us put out our lights, when, as talking in the dark, in a ship's cabin, about General Rosas, over brandy-and-water, was no very agreeable pastime, we adjourned to the rooms on shore, of one of the party.

The King of Prussia passed through Belgium this morning, on his way to England, to be present at the christening of the Prince of Wales. It was said, that on the Bourse here he had insured the presents he takes with him, for ninety thousand francs. Apparently, a prudent and business-like monarch.

Saturday, 22nd.—Called by appointment on the British Queen's blacksmith,—not the royal lady's, but the great steam-ship's. Blacksmiths appear to have long stood high among the craftsmen of Antwerp; witness, the history of Quinten Matsys, whose reputation as a n artist in iron was well established before he took to painting. My 'blacksmith of Antwerp' however, is simply a well-informed, and altogether superior young man, in partnership with his father, and owner with

him, of divers goodly ships. Striking while their irons were hot, they had hammered out a capital. A sensible mother, and two or three agreeable girls, the daughters, completed the family, a very pleasing specimen of the Antwerp bourgeoisie. Oddly enough, whereas Quinten Matsys the blacksmith fell in love with a painter's daughter, so I soon ascertained, that a promising young Belgian artist was distinctly enamoured, even to betrothing, of one of the daughters of my worthy Vulcan. To make the converse perfect, the painter swain ought to lay aside palette and brush, and take up hammer and tongs, instruments, by the way, upon which many a conjugal duet has, ere this, been performed *after* marriage.

My appointment this morning was for the purpose of accompanying Mr. Smid the younger to the studio of his future brother-in-law, who had kindly promised to shew me some rarities in the way of art and antiquities,—special, and lying out of the way of ordinary travellers.

We visited a small chapel, attached to, and forming part of a private house in the Longue Rue Neuve. It formerly stood outside the city, and is remarkable for the existence on its walls and roof, in a tolerably fresh state of preservation,

of its original decorations of gold and colours. It is extremely small, quite a miniature chapel, or oratory. The roof is groined, with deeply-moulded ribs and pendants, gilt, and the intermediate spaces filled with armorial bearings, legends, and other devices, in colour heightened with gold: the walls are similarly treated, with the exception of about seven feet of wood panel-work, originally, no doubt, in carved oak. The designs of the frescos, or whatever they may be called, have great elegance; they consist of shields, combined with inscriptions and dates, and a general filling up of arabesque work: some of the legends are very beautifully formed out of the branches of trees, fancifully twined and broken in and out, to represent the letters.

The remark has been made to me, that such exercises of ingenuity in the artist and the spectator, seem singularly inappropriate to places of worship,—that it is not therein well to have the attention distracted from exhortation or devotion, by a legend, illegible save to an heraldic painter, or to catch oneself deeply engaged in making out, to one's own satisfaction, a coat of arms, and determining the genera and species of its various objects of natural (qr. unnatural) history.

We also called at the house of an acquaintance of my friend, a gentleman who possesses, among other articles of art and virtu, some of the most beautiful specimens of ancient carved furniture that I have ever seen. He has a bed in particular, a very elaborate and remarkable piece of work. A canopy is formed above it, by Cupids holding up festoons of drapery, all, drapery included, in carved oak: it was tastefully fitted up with rich old green silk brocade. I observe, by the way, that much of the best taste of byegone days is still exhibited here in the style of modern upholstery and interior decoration. This may be nothing more than the general inclination just now, of the popular fancy that way, but I would willingly believe it to be a lingering remnant of the fine old artistic feeling of the place, which set up, and appreciated, and luxuriated in, everything that was rich, picturesque, and beautiful to the eye, and instinctively abhorred, and rejected, all that was paltry, and vulgar, and ignoble. A careful attention to the results of art, as applied to matters of everyday life, is of more consequence in elevating and intellectualizing the mind of a people, than education-schemers commonly think. The habitual contemplation of the beautiful, as

presented to the eye in judicious combinations of colour, artful selection and juxtaposition of forms, and a general attention to effect,—in interior decoration, for instance,—cannot but contribute to the formation of a refined and correct taste in those who are so fortunate as to be within reach of such means of instruction.

'The Interiors of Antwerp,' well written, and well illustrated, would make a curious and interesting book. The place abounds in subjects.

One day, my attention having been attracted by some old-fashioned hangings of stamped Spanish leather, whose glitter had caught my eye in a room at the further end of a court-yard, I entered to examine them.

The house had been built and fitted up, I was informed, by a sculptor of the old times here, whose name I have forgotten, but he had a brother, also an artist, a painter. A ruthless coach-maker then occupied the place, and though retaining vestiges of its former delicate and costly decorations, it was in a lamentable state of neglect and decay. You entered through a porte cochère, into a very small court-yard, along one side of which ran a curious Gothic gallery: opposite the entrance from the street, an opening had been

broken through the wall into a large room, then used,—to what base uses may we come!—as a carriage-house. The walls of this apartment were covered with hangings of stamped leather, of a florid pattern, richly gilt, with flowers relieved upon it in bright colours. When the dust and dirt were wiped off, the gilding and flowers appeared bright and fresh almost as when first laid on: the effect was very gorgeous. The chimney-pieces and doorways were of sculptured marble, the work of the former owner. The ceiling was crossed over with moulded oaken beams and rafters, studded with gilt nail-heads, all of carefully finished workmanship, and excellent in effect.

An adjoining room, of smaller size, was of a similar style of decoration. A genius of no common or vulgar kind had evidently bestowed careful and loving labour upon the place.

The then occupier would, I believe, have sold me anything and everything the house contained: he offered to strip the beautiful leather hangings from the walls in any quantity, and there were curiously wrought iron fastenings and hinges to the doors and windows, of which he would have willingly made money.

This was in 1837. In 1842 the appearance of

the place was greatly changed, to the loss of many of its curious and interesting features.

To a ball in the Rue des Fagots. Antwerp in full dress, promenading, observing, card-playing, and dancing, in a long suite of rooms.

The fête was gay and brilliant. The elaborate system in vogue here of pre-engaging partners and vis-à-vis, proved itself however, an unequivocal nuisance. They had to be hunted up sometimes, from one end to the other of the crowded rooms, and it became positively a hard and anxious labour. It was amusing to watch a man rushing about in desperate haste, searching right and left for his next lady, like a dog in a fair seeking his master, with an impatient and troubled expression of face, in which one read, as plainly as if the words had been written there in large letters :—" Where on earth has she put herself ?—Oh those fiddlers ! "

Sunday, 23d.—To day I was introduced to the celebrated painter Wappers,* in his studio at the Academy, of which he is the Director. He had not many pictures in hand, but from what I saw of his works, I should say he is an artist of strong imagination, and much poetical feeling. His com-

* Since created a Baron.

positions reminded me of Retzsch, whom I humbly conceive to be an artist-poet of the first order.

The Museum at the Academy is now rich in the possession of a valuable collection of Byzantine, and other early pictures, recently presented. It has long been famous for its abundance of excellent works of the Flemish school. Among these, are twelve or fourteen by Rubens. His 'Crucifixion' here is a fine picture. I wonder, by the way, whether my saying so, is of the least importance;—I am inclined to think, not. There is also, a notable small duplicate of the celebrated cathedral 'Descent,' and, what is said to be the master-piece of Quinten Matsys, a centre-piece with two doors, The Entombment of Christ, The Daughter of Herod with St. John's Head, and The Martyrdom of St. John.*

* This Academy, which bears the name of St. Luke, the Patron Saint of painters, was founded,—according to the Chronological Table of Painters, taken from the French notes of Matthew Van Brée, professor in chief or director of the institution in question, appended to Bell's 'Compendious View of Universal History and Literature, London, 1820,'—in the year 1510. The same authority states that there was a Society (Confrèrie) of Painters at Antwerp, from the year 1442. Other authorities date the Academy from the middle of the 16th century, and others again, from the middle of the 15th, having apparently confounded it with the Society, or Confrèrie.

Snow fell last night, and to-day the sun shone out gloriously, making Antwerp look very bright

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The claims of Antwerp to distinction, as a school of art, are strongly evidenced by the long list of painters and engravers who have been connected with the city. The one subjoined has been prepared at considerable pains. The author has been careful to introduce the names of those artists only, who appear by the authorities to have had an undoubted connexion with Antwerp, as, for instances, having been born, or having died there, or, as in the case of some of the engravers, having been employed upon works published there. A more intimate acquaintance with the subject might probably have authorized the addition of many others. Indeed, of the numerous relatives and disciples of artists mentioned as connected with the city, those only are entered in the list, as to whom there is express and particular warranty for such insertion.

It will be observed, that the engravers are less frequently mentioned as having been born and died at Antwerp, than the painters. A reference to the books of authority will however, justify the insertion of all their names, and had the particulars of their lives been as fully recorded as in the case of the painters, which they are not,—it is probable that their connexion in this respect, with the city, would have been shewn in many more instances than those stated.

The painters marked *e* were also engravers.

The varieties of spelling are given as they have been found ; but, no doubt, many of them are referable to English ignorance of the structure of foreign names, and to a sort of fatal perverseness in these matters, that leads us to error, even when the correct form stares us in the face.

See ' Pilkington's General Dictionary of Painters, ed. London, 1829, 2 vols. 8vo.'; ' Bryan's Biographical and Critical

and gay. People have been driving about in sledges, which are very picturesque equipages,

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Dictionary of Painters and Engravers, ed. London, 1816, 2 vols. 4to.'; and 'Strutt's Biographical Dictionary of Engravers, London, 1786, 2 vols. 4to.'

The means of compiling correct lists of the sculptors, architects, goldsmiths, &c. who, at various times may have flourished in the city, are more difficult of access. There can be little doubt, however, but that, if the names of these could be collected, more than one page would be found to be brightly filled with the record.

The patronage and appreciation of art in Antwerp in modern times, is also considerable. It is systematically taught at the Academy, and the private collections are numerous and valuable.

PAINTERS.

Abshoven, M. *born at Antwerp.*
Adriansen, Alexander. *ditto.*
Aerts, Richard. *died at Antwerp: a member of the academy there.*
Andriessens, Hendrick. *born at A.*
Arteveldt, Andrew Van. *do.*
Asselyn, John, called Crabatje. *do.*
Avont, Peter Vanden. *do.*
Backer, or Bakker, James, Jacques, or Jacques de. *do.*
Backer, Nicholas de. *do.*
Backereel or Bacquerelli, William. *do.*
Backereel, Giles. *do.*
Badens, Francis. *do.*
Badens, John. *do.*
Balen, Hendrick, or Henry Van. *born and died at A.*
Balen, John Van. *b. at A.*
Balten, Peter. *b. and d. at A. memb. of ac.*
Baptist, John Gaspars. *b. at A.*

small and low, of light frame-work, turning up high in front, in a point, the whole carved, and

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Beer, Arnold de. *b. and d. at A. memb. of the company of painters there.*

Besschey, Belshazzer. *d. at A.*

e. Beuckelaer, Buecklaer, Boeklaer, or Buceltrar, Joachim, or Giovacchino. *b. at A.*

Bie, Adrian de. *b. at Liere, near A.*

Bischop, Cornelius. *b. at A*

Biset, Charles Emanuel. *do. director of the academy there.*

e. Bloemen, John Francis Van, called Horizonti, or Orizonti. *b. at A.*

e. Bloemen, Peter Van, called Standard. *do. dir. of ac.*

Bloemen, Norbert Van. *b. at A.*

Bockhorst, John Van, called Langen Jan.

e. Boel, Peter. *b. at A.*

Bom, Peter. *do. memb. of the company of painters there.*

e. Borcht, Henry Vander. *d. at A.*

Bosch, or Bossche, Balthasar, or Belshazzer Vanden, or Vander. *b. and d. at A.*

Boschaert, Nicholas, *b. at A.*

Bosschaert, Thomas Willeborts, by which two latter names alone he was also known. *d. at A. dir. of ac.*

Boyermans, Theodore. *b. at A.*

Breda, Alexander Van. *do.*

Breda, or Bredael, Peter Van. *b. and d. at A. dir. of ac.*

Breda, John Van. *b. at A.*

Brée, Matthew Van. *dir. of ac. a modern artist.*

Breydel, Charles. *b. at A.*

Breydel, Francis. *do.*

e. Bril, Matthew. *do.*

e. Bril, or Brill, Paul. *do.*

e. Broeck, Crispin Vanden. *do.*

painted, and gilt, especially the turned-up point, which is ornamented somewhat like the prow of

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Broeck, Elias Vanden. *b. at A.*
e. Brouwer, or Brauwer, Adrian. *d. at A.*
e. Brueghel, or Breughel, Peter, called the Old, also the Droll.
Brueghel, Abraham, called the Neapolitan. *b. at A.*
Calvart, Denis. *do.*
Campino, Giovanni.
e. Casteels, Peter, *b. at A.*
Cleef, or Cleeve, Joseph, or Joas Van. *b. and d. at A.*
Cleef, William Van. *b. at A. memb. of ac.*
e. Cleef, Cleff, or Cleve, Henry Van. *do. do.*
e. Cleef, Cleff, or Cleve, Martin Van. *b. at A.*
e. Cock, or Kock, Jerome or Jerom. *do.*
Cock, or Kock, Matthew. *b. and d. at A.*
Cocques, Gonzales. *b. at A.*
e. Coeck, Peter, called also Peter Van Aelst. *d. at A.*
Coignet, Giles, called Giles of Antwerp. *b. at A. memb. of ac.*
Coninck, or Koninck, David. *b. at A.*
Coningsloo, or Cooninxloo, Egidius, or Gilles. *b. and. d at A.*
Cornelisz, Cornelius, called Cornelius Van Haerlem.
Cosiers, John. *b. at A. dir. of ac.*
e. Coster, Adam, or Adam de. *b. at A.*
e. Coxcie, Coxie, Coxis, or Cock, Michael. *d. at A.*
Craesbecke, Josse Van.
Cransse, John. *b. at A. memb. of ac.*
Crayer, Gaspar, or Gaspar de. *b. at A.*
Crepu, Nicholas.
Denys, Jacques, or James. *b. and d. at A.*
Deryke, William. *b. at A.*
Deynum, John Baptist Van. *b. and d. at A.*
e. Diepenbeck, Abraham, or Abraham Van. *d. at A.*

an ancient galley. They contain a low seat for a lady, and, behind this, the driver sits on a sort of

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Doufflest, Gerard.
Dubois, Edward. *b. at A.*
Dubois, Simon. *do.*
Egmont, Justus Van. *d. at A.*
Elbucht, John Van. *do. memb. of ac.*
Elliger, or Elger, Ottomar, called the Elder.
Emelraet. *b. and d. at A.*
Ertvelt, Andrew Van.
Ess, or Es, James Van. *b. at A.*
Eyck, Gaspar Van. *do.*
Eyck, Nicholas Van.
Eykens, or Eyckens, Peter, called the Old. *b. at A. dir. of ac.*
Eyckens, John Van. *b. at A.*
Eyckens, Francis Van. *do.*
e. Eynhouedts, Remoldus, Rombant, or Rombout. *do.*
Falens, Charles Van. *do.*
e. Floris, Francis, called also Francis de Vriend, or Vriendt. *b. and d. at A. memb. of ac.*
Floris, Cornelius. *b. at A.*
Fouchier, Bertram de.
e. Fouquieres, Jacques, or James, Chevalier. *b. at A.*
Franck, or Francken, Jerome. *b. at Herenthals, near A. and d. at A.*
Franck, or Francken, Francis, called the Old. *b. at A. memb. of ac.*
Franck, or Francken, Francis, called the Young, *do.*
Franck, or Francken, Sebastian. *b. at A.*
Franck, or Francken, John Baptist. *do.*
Franck, Maximilian, *d. at A.*
Franck, Gabriel. *do. dir. of ac.*

saddle, stretching his legs out on the lower bars or skates of the sledge, and holding the reins and

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Franck, or Francken, Ambrose. *b. at A.*
Franck, Constantine. *do.*
François, Peter.
e. Fruytiers, Philip. *b. and d. at A.*
e. Fyt, Fytt, or Feydt, John. *do.*
Gabron, William. *do.*
Gaspars, John Baptist. *b. at A.*
Gast, Michael de. *b. and d. at A. memb. of ac.*
Geeraerts, Martin. *do. dir. of ac.*
Geldorp, or Gualdorp, Gortzius.
e. Genoels, Abraham. *b. and d. at A.*
Gerber, or Gerbier, Sir Balthasar. *b. at A.*
Gheest, James de. *b. and d. at A.*
Gheest, Wybrand de, called the Noble Frieslander. *d. at A.*
Gheest, Wybrand de, another artist of the same name. *b. and d. at A.*
e. Gheyn, or Ghein, James, or Jaques, called the Younger. *b. at A.*
Gillemans, N. *b. at A.*
Goebouw, or Goebauw, Anthony. *b. and d. at A.*
Grimmer, Jacob. *b. and d. at A. memb. of ac.*
Gyzen, Peter. *b. at A.*
Hal, Nicholas Van. *do.*
Hardime, Simon. *do.*
e. Heck, John Van, or Vanden. *supposed d. at A.*
Heem, John David de. *d. at A.*
Helmont, Matthew Van. *d. at A.*
Herregouts, Henry. *d. at A.*
Hobbema, Minderhout. *supposed b. at A.*
Hoeck, or Houk, John Van. *b. at A.*
Hoeck, Robert Van. *do.*

the whip above the lady's head: a skin is thrown over her knees, generally a tiger-skin, with the

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e. Hoefnagel, Hoefnagle, or Hufnagel, George. *b. at A.*
Hofman, Samuel.
Hoogestraeten, Dirk, or Theodore Van. *b. at A.*
Horst, Nicholas Vander. *b. at A.*
Houseman, or Huysman, Cornelius. *do.*
Houseman, or Huysman, James. *do.*
Jacobsz, Juriaen.
Jamesone, George.
Janssens, Abraham. *b. and d. at A.*
e. Jordaens, Jacques or Jacob. *do.*
Jordans, John. *b. at A.*
Kappen, Francis Vander. *do.*
Kay, or Key, William. *d. at A. memb. of ac.*
Keisar, William de. *b. at A.*
Kerkhove, Joseph Vander or Vanden.
Kessel, John Van. *b. and d. at A.*
Kessel, Ferdinand Van. *b. at A.*
Kessel, Nicholas Van. *b. and d. at A.*
Koeberger, Wenceslaus. *b. at A.*
e. Koogen, Leonard Vander.
Laenen, Christopher John Vander. *b. at A.*
Lancrinck, Prosper Henry.
Largilliere, Nicholas de.
Laura, or Lauri, Balthasar. *b. at A.*
Lenens, Balthasar Van. *do.*
Lens, Andrew. *b. at A. dir. of ac.*
Leyssens, Nicholas. *b. at A.*
e. Lievens, or Livens, John, or Jan. *d. at A.*
Lint, Peter Van. *b. and d. at A.*
e. Lint, Hendrick Van, called Studio.
Loyer, Nicholas. *b. and d. at A.*

head,—stuffed *au naturel*, eyes, teeth, and all,—grinning and wagging about on the point in front:

Maes, or Maas, Godfrey. *b. and d. at A. dir. of ac.*
Mandyn, John. *d. at A.*
Mathyssens, Abraham. *b. and d. at A.*
Matsys, Messys, or Messis, Quintin, or Quentin. *b. at A.*
e. Miel, Jan, called Giovanni della Vite. *b. at a village near A.*
Milé, or Millé, Francesco or Francis, called Francisque. *b. at A.*
Minderhout. *do.*
Mol, Peter Van. *do.*
e. Momper, or Mompert, Joos, or Jodocus. *do.*
e. Monnoyer, John Baptist, called Baptist, or Baptista.
Mont, Deodato del, or Delmont, Deodato. *b. at St. Tron, near A. and died at A.*
More, Sir Anthony, or The Chevalier Antonio. *d. at A.*
Mostaert, Francis. *b. at Hulst, near A.*
Mostaert, Giles. *do.*
Moucheron, Frederick, called the Old.
e. Moucheron, Isaac, called the Young. *said to have been born at A.*
Neef, or Neefs, Peter, called the Old. *b. at A.*
Neef, or Neefs, Peter, called the Young. *b. and d. at A.*
e. Neve, Francis de. *b. and d. at A.*
Nicasius, Bernard. *b. at A.*
Nieulant, John. *do.*
e. Nieulant, William Van. *do.*
Nollekens, or Nollikins, Joseph Francis. *do.*
Ommeganeh. *b. and d. at A. a modern artist.*
Oort, Lambrecht Van. *d. at A. memb. of ac.*
Oort, Adam Van. *b. and d. at A.*
Opstal, Gaspar James Van. *b. and d. at A.*
e. Panneels, William. *b. at A.*

the harness is of a fantastic taste, having pieces of leather strung over with bells, hanging down

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Patenier or Palenier, Joachim. *b. at A. memb. of ac.*
Pauly, Nicholas. *b. at A.*
Pepin, Martin. *do.*
Peters, Bonaventure, or Bonaventura. *do.*
Peters, or Peeters, John. *do.*
Pieters, John. *do.*
e. Platten, Plattenburg, or Plattenberg, called also Platte-montagne, and Montagne, Matthew Van. *do.*
Pourbus, or Porbus, Francis, called the Elder. *d. at A. memb. of ac.*
Pourbus, or Porbus, Francis, called the Younger. *b. at A.*
e. Quellinus, Erasmus, *b. and d. at A.*
Quellinus, John Erasmus, called the Young. *b. and d. at A.*
Reuven, Peter.
Reyn, or Rheni, John, or Jan de.
Richardus, Martin. *b. at A.*
Ricke, Bernard de. *d. at A. memb. of ac.*
Rombouts, Theodore, *b. and d. at A.*
Roore, James de. *do. memb. of ac.*
Rokes, Henry Martin, called Zorg, or Sorgh.
e. Rubens, Sir Peter Paul, *born at Cologne, but at the age of 10 years, taken by his mother to Antwerp, and died there.*
Ryckaert, Martin. *b. and d. at A.*
Ryckaert, David. *b. and d. at A. dir. of ac.*
e. Rysbraeck, Rysbrack, or Rysbrechts, Peter. *b. at A. dir. of ac.*
Savoyen, Charles Van. *b. and d. at A.*
e. Schoen, Martin, called, but qr. erroneously, Martin of Antwerp.

the horse's sides, and often a plume of feathers, of the armorial colours of the owner, on the top

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Schoonjans, Anthony. *b. at A.*
Schoor, Nicholas Van. *do.*
e. Schut, Cornelius. *b. and d. at A.*
Segers, Seghers, or Zeghers, Gerard. *do.*
Segers, Seghers, or Zeghers, Daniel. *do.*
e. Segres, James, or Jacques Van Helmont. *b. at A.*
Sibrecht, or Sybrecht, John. *b. at A. and said to have died there.*
Singher, John. *memb. of ac.*
Snayers, or Snyers, Peter. *b. and d. at A.*
Snellincks, John. *d. at A.*
e. Snyders, or Sneyders, Francis. *b. and d. at A.*
Solvyns, Francis Balthasar. *do.*
Someren, or Somer, Bernard Van. *b. at A.*
e. Someren, or Somer, Paul Van. *do.*
Son, or Zoon, Joris Van. *b. and d. at A.*
Son, or Zoon, John Van. *b. at A.*
e. Soutman, Peter. *said to have been b. at A.*
Spierings, Nicholas. *b. and d. at A.*
e. Sprangher, Bartholomew. *b. at A.*
e. Spruyt, Peter. *do.*
Staben, Henry. *do.*
e. Stalbert, Adrian. *b. and d. at A.*
Stampart, Francis. *b. at A.*
e. Steen, Francis Van der. *do.*
e. Stenwyck, Stenwick, or Steenwyck, Henry, called the Old. *said to have been b. at A. sed qr.*
Stenwyck, Stenwick, or Steenwyck, Henry, called the Young. *b. at A.*
Subtermans, Sustermans, or Sutermans, Justus. *do.*
e. Teniers, David, called the Old. *do.*

of his head. The great point of emulation is as to fast trotting, and the sledges skim along

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e. Teniers, David, called the Young. *b. at A.*
Teniers, Abraham. *do.*
Thys, Gysbrecht. *do.*
Tilborgh, or Tilburgh, Egidius, or Giles Van, called the Elder. *do.*
Tillemans, Peter. *do.*
Troyen, Rombout Van. *do.*
e. Tulden, or Thulden, Theodore Van. *dir of ac.*
Tyssens, Peter. *b. at A. dir. of ac.*
Tyssens, Augustine. *b. and d. at A. dir. of ac.*
Tyssens, Nicholas. *b. at A.*
Utrecht, Adrian Van. *b. and d. at A.*
e. Vaillant, Wallerant.
e. Vandyck, Sir Anthony. *b. at A.*
e. Vanuden, Lucas. *b. at A.*
Venius, Vaenius, or Van Veen, Otho.
Verbruggen, Gaspar Peter. *b. and d. at A. dir. of ac.*
Verbruggen, Peter. *dir. of ac.*
Verelst, Simon. *b. at A.*
Verendael, N. *do.*
Verhaecht, Tobias. *do.*
Vleughels, Philip. *do.*
Voort, Cornelius Vander. *do.*
Vos, Martin de. *b. and d. at A. memb. of ac.*
Vos, Peter de. *memb. of ac.*
Vos, Simon de. *b. at A.*
Vos, Cornelius de. *d. at A.*
e. Vries, or Frisius, John Fredeman de, or Friedman Van. *d. at A.*
e. Vries, Paul de, or Paul Van. *b. at A.*
Vries, Soloman de. *do.*
Waal, Wael, or Weel, John de. *b. and d. at A. memb. of ac.*

smoothly, and, save as to the tinkling bells, noiselessly, like swallows on the wing. The

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Waal, Wael, or Weel, Lucas de. *b. at A.*
e. Waal, Wael, or Weel, Cornelius de. *do.*
Weerdt, Adrian de.
Wildens, John. *b. at A.*
Willaerts, Adam. *do.*
Wit, Gaspar de. *do.*
e. Wit, Jacob, or Jaques de.
Wolfaerts, Arthur. *b. and d. at A.*
e. Wouters, or Wauter, Francis. *d. at A. dir. of ac.*
e. Zachtleven, Zachtleeven, Sachtleven, Zaftleven, or Zaftleeven, Cornelius.

ENGRAVERS.

Abbe, H. *said to have been b. at A.*
Antonianus, Silvius.
Badoux, Beadoux, or Beaudoux, Robert, or Robert de.
Baillu, Bailliu, or Balliu. *b. at A.*
Barbé, John Baptista. *do.*
Berg, or Bergh, Nicholas Vander. *supposed b. at A.*
Boel Cornelius. *b. at A.*
Boel, Coryn, Querin, or Quirin. *do.*
Bolswert, or Bolsuerd, Boetius Adam.
Bolswert, or Bolsuerd, Scheltius A.
Borcht, James. A.
Borrekens, Matthew. *b. at A.*
Bouche, Martin. *supposed b. at A.*
Boutats, Frederick. *b. at A.*
Boutats, or Bouttats, Gaspar. *do.*
Boutats, Gerard. *do.*
Boutats, or Bouttats, Philibert. *do.*
Broeck, Barbara Vanden. *do.*
Bruyn, or Bruin, Abraham. *do.*

sledging ground was chiefly in the Place de Meir, a long broad street, or open space, so called, be-

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Bus, Bosc, or Vanden Bosch, Cornelius.
Bye, or Bie, James de. *b. at A.*
Caukerken, Cornelius, or Cornelius Van. *do.*
Clouet, or Clowet, Peter. *do.*
Clouet, or Clowet, Albert. *do.*
Coelmans, James. *do.*
Collaert, Adrian. *do.*
Collaert, Hans or John. *do.*
Collin, or Collins, Richard.
Colyn, Michael. *said to have been b. at A.*
Custos, or Custodis, Domenick, or Domenico. *do. sed qr.*
Custos, or Custodis, Raphael.
Dalen, Cornelius Van. *b. at A.*
Dankert, or Danckers, Cornelius. *do.*
Dankert, or Danckers, Dancker. *do.*
Edelinck, Gerard or Girard. *do.*
Edelinck, John. *do.*
Ertinger, François. *said to have been born at A.*
Furnius, Peter.
Galle, Philip.
Galle, Theodore. *b. and d. at A.*
Galle, Cornelius, called the Elder. *do.*
Galle, Cornelius, called the Younger. *do.*
Gelle, John.
Gheyn, or Ghein, James or Jaques, called the Elder, *b. at A.*
Gucht, Michael Vander. *do.*
Harefeldt, or Hareveld, Bernard.
Heylen, Gonzales Van. *b. at A.*
Hoi, or Hoy, Nicholas Van.
Hollar, Wencezlaus, or Wenceslaus.
Huys. Hys, Hus, or Hiis, Peter. *b. at A.*

cause, once upon a time, in the watery days of Antwerp, a canal, branching itself out from the

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Jegher, Christopher. *supposed d. at A.*
Jode, Gerard de. *b. at A.*
Jode, Peter, called the Elder. *do.*
Jode, Peter, called the Younger. *do.*
Jode, Arnold. *do.*
Jongelinx, J. B. *supposed b. at A.*
Kessel, or Quessel, Theodore, or Theodore Van. *b. at A.*
Lauwers, Nicholas.
Lauwers, Conrad.
Leeuw, William de. *b. at A.*
Loemans, Arnold.
Lommelin, or Lomellin, Adrian.
Londersell, Ahashuerus Von.
Louys, Louis, or Loys, John. *b. at A.*
Mallery, Charles de. *do.*
Marinus.
Martinasie, or Martenesie, Peter. *b. at A.*
Matham, or Maetham, Adrian.
Melar, Adrian.
Meyssens, Cornelius. *b. at A.*
Milot.
Muller, Herman.
Nagel, Peter. *b. at A.*
Natalis, Michael.
Neef, Neefs, or Neeffs, James. *b. at A,*
Panderen, Egbert Van.
Panvinus, Onulph, *b.* at *A.*
Phillery,
Pitau, Nicholas. *b. at A.*
Pontius, Paul. *do.*
Punt, John.

Scheldt, had reached thus far into the heart of the city.

Monday, 24th.—Sledging in the morning, and a Philarmonie ball at night.

Wednesday, 26th.—I was up very late at my own hotel last night,—up in fact till this morning, when three of us took a moon-lit walk between four and five o'clock, by the quays and

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Queboorn, Queborn, Quebooren, or Queboren, Crispin Vanden.
Quellinus, Hubert. *b. at A.*
Ryckman, Rickman, Ryckmans, Rickemans, or Richmans, Nicholas. *do.*
Sadeler, John.
Sadeler, Raphael, called the Elder.
Sadeler, Egidius, or Giles. *b. at A.*
Schuppen, or Scupper, Peter Van. *do.*
Serwouter, or Sherwouter, Peter. *do.*
Snayers, or Snyers, Henry. *do.*
Sompel, or Sompelen, Peter Van. *do.*
Stock, or Stog, Andrew, or Andrea.
Venius, Vaenius, or Van Veen, Gysbert, or Gilbert.
Vermeulen, Cornelius. *b. at A.*
Voet, or Voert, Alexander. *do.*
Vosterman, Lucas, called the Elder. *do.*
Vosterman, Lucas, called the Younger. *do.*
Waumans, Conrade, or Conrad. *do.*
Westerhout, Arnold Van. *do.*
Witdoeck, Hans or John. *do.*
Wyngaerde, Wingarde, or Wyngarde, Francis, or Francis Vanden.

docks. I cannot remember having ever been out in more beautiful moonlight. The ground, the roofs and salient parts of the houses, and the shipping, were covered with fresh snow, the moon was at the full, the atmosphere perfectly clear, not a breath of air stirring, and an intense frost going on: the Scheldt and its banks glittered as if strewn with diamonds. Every one accustomed to visit picture-galleries, must have remarked a subject, often treated by painters of the Dutch and Flemish schools, a port namely, with quaint-looking houses, shipping, &c., clothed in ice and snow. Let a series of these pictures be imagined, invested by the touch of some magician's wand, with the sharp and dazzling brilliancy of real frost and snow, and moreover, real moonlight,—so much purer and more ethereal in their reality, than any effect that can be given by the most cunning pencil,—and some idea may be formed of the beautiful scenery of our early walk.

My name was put down to-day as an honorary member at the Société Philotaxe (unde derivatur?) a sort of club-estaminet. So, likewise, afterwards, at the Philarmonie, at which latter place, by way of 'taking the oaths and my seat,' I played a game of backgammon and drank some punch. I

had been previously made free of the Union. The Antwerpians spend a great part of their evenings in flitting about from one of these places of idlesse to another, smoking, drinking (moderately), playing, betting, and gossiping.

I discovered to-night, that an acquaintance, whose unexceptionable English had led me to suppose he was certainly 'one of us,' was in truth, just a Dutchman. He is a big, jolly-looking, pleasant-faced man,—a kindhearted and jovial character,—and hearing smooth English proceeding from the mouth of a creature thus endowed, I naturally set him down for a very fine specimen of the John Bull breed.

A propos of my dear Dutchman, I am just now reminded of an anecdote, which was related to me of himself, by a gentleman I knew in Paris some years ago. He was, I believe, German by origin, but had lived so long in France, as to have become as much French as German. He had a broad, jovial countenance, and looked, in fact, what he really was, a kind-hearted, honest, amiable man. Once, in Holland, he caroused with certain Englishmen, consuming, and carrying off his full share of rather deep potations, freely,

sociably, and withal, soberly. Meeting his bottle-friends in the salle à manger the next morning, he was greeted with the greatest enthusiasm, and one of them, shaking him heartily by the hand, and alluding to the affair of the preceding night, exclaimed with emphasis:—"By —— Sir, you deserve to be an Englishman."

The following story I give, as it was given to me, and vouched for, by another friend of mine, meekly trusting that no well-read man will think himself called upon to point it out in any volume of good things and rare jests. Travelling northwards on an English Railway, my informant declares he met with an old Scotch gentleman, whose good-will he thoroughly conciliated by some trifling attentions on the journey, and peculiar circumstances afterwards threw them together for some little time. My friend, an Englishman, certainly speaks excellent broad Scotch, which it seems he used without stint on this occasion,—but one evening, after certain tumblers of hot whiskey and water, his travelling acquaintance,—who would appear to have been a canny and observant person,—said to him, quietly and dryly:—"I'm just thinking my lad, ye're no Scotchman,—but I'll

tell ye what ye are Sir :—*ye're an improved Englishman.*"

At one of the clubs to-night I read the London Courrier. Its minuteness in describing the details of the arrival of the King of Prussia in England, struck me particularly, after being lately accustomed to the succinct form in which such matters are chronicled in continental papers. Certainly, this vulgar, gossiping greediness for trivial news about great people, must be considered as peculiarly English.

Thursday, 27th.—Wandered about the town in an observant mood,—perhaps as profitable a way of spending one's idle time in a strange place, as any other.

WESTMALLE.

FRIDAY, 28th.—Hurry in dressing and breakfasting in time for the early Turnhout diligence, meaning to visit to-day the convent of St. Bernard, called also La Trappe, near Westmalle.

Really, after railway experience, I quite rejoiced in the old-fashioned picturesqueness of this way of travelling. It had become a pleasant novelty, to find oneself starting on a journey in the coupé of a crazy, worn-out old diligence, that looked as if it had been standing under a shed, for swallows to build nests in, for the last ten years, drawn by three ungroomed, lumbering horses, yoked together, after a loose and jingly fashion, with patched-up harness. When I am not in a hurry, I like to travel through a country by high roads and bye roads, or any roads but railroads. I like the *incidents* of travel,—the driving up hill and down

dale, and round corners,—the stopping in the towns and at village inns,—the hasty breakfasts, dinners, and suppers,—the groups standing at the doors of the cabarets,—the wayfaring people of all sorts that one meets with;—even the misfortunes of travel have a charm and an interest for me,—the breaking and mending of harness,—upsetting of carriages,—save when the carriage happens to be the one that carries yourself,—delays at the gates of fortified places, &c. &c. All this I like, and there is none of it on a railway journey. I know this is what your go-a-head, utilitarian people, call *nonsense*. All the while, be it understood, railways are excellent things in their own way.

We set out on our journey at a quarter before nine, leaving Antwerp by the Borgerhout gate. Borgerhout is a long, dirty suburb, consisting of miserable shops and cabarets, and private houses of a semi-respectability of appearance that puzzles one with the guessing it occasions, as to who can be the people who find it worth their while to live in them in so dismal a locality. After many stoppages we got clear of this place, and found ourselves lumbering along, at the rate of about six miles an hour, on a high road, straight, for miles,

as an arrow, and bordered by a row of small trees on each side, running through a country as flat as a dining-table. We passed here and there a château, and, in the course of our route, some half-dozen villages. No sooner were we clear of one of these, than we saw the queer-shaped church spire of another, far off, through the vista of roadside trees. We changed horses once, and had some coffee, in the ten miles of road or thereabouts that was the extent of my journey. The natives, for the most part, speak and understand, nothing but Flemish.

About halfway, we entered upon a sterile, sandy district. As we advanced from this point, the barrenness of the land increased at every step. Wastes of peaty soil, dotted over with black pools of water, stretched away on either hand, and plantations of sombre firs skirted the road, or bounded the extent of the flat, dark-coloured landscape. The conducteur presently pointed out the convent, standing about a quarter of a mile from the road on the left hand, a knot of buildings surmounted by a small pointed campanile, rising from behind a wood of firs.

I left the diligence at a small pothouse, opposite a road leading to the convent, and, with

my carpet-bag on my shoulder, walked up to the gate. Patches of the land on each side of the neatly-kept road I passed along, had been reclaimed from the waste, and rendered profitable, and, near the house, a large space was fenced out with trellis-work, and appeared to be garden-ground. The monastery on this side presented the general appearance of a large farm-house with its appurtenances, showing a long, blank, brick-wall, in the centre of which rose a gatehouse, its gable surmounted by a cross, and ornamented with a niche, in which stood the image of the Holy Virgin with the Infant Jesus.

I rang at the gate, and an old man with a white beard, dressed in the habit of the order, opened a small door, and as soon as I was within, kneeled down for a few seconds. I imagine this may have been in token of humility, an acknowledgment of the duty of the brotherhood to receive the stranger within their gates, and to offer him hospitality with all meekness and deference. Perhaps, too, a prayer was breathed for his spiritual and corporeal health and safety while under their roof. I took off my hat and bowed as he kneeled, and, when he rose, told him I had come to beg the hospitality of the house for that night. He smiled,

—said nothing,—and led me across a sort of farm-yard to a door at the front of the house. There he delivered me over to another, also dressed in monastic costume, who introduced me into a small room, where two priests and two others, all strangers like myself, were dining. This was at half-past eleven A.M. The father who now had me in charge, placed a chair and a plate for me, opened a fresh bottle of beer, and, apologizing for the poorness of the fare, invited me to eat. All this with a smiling face, and a kindness of manner that was the essence of hospitality. Some dishes had been removed before I came in. The dinner then on the table, consisted of potatoes, Brussels sprouts,—a delicious vegetable,—eggs, brown bread cut into very thin slices, butter, cheese, and beer, all excellent of their kind, particularly the beer, which is the best I have tasted in Belgium.

About twelve o'clock the monk asked me if I wished to see the community dine. But before I go on with my story, I may as well give some general account of the establishment, made out, as far as I was able to ascertain it, by inquiry and observation while I was there.

The society are Trappists, who adopt the severer

form of the Bernardine rule. They were first established in their present locality, as I understood, between fifty and sixty years ago, when they built the present house, an edifice of no architectural pretensions, merely plain brick walls, with doors and windows, and a roof. They consist of a père abbé, a prieur, a directeur, or officer whose particular business it is to manage and direct the establishment, and who is, therefore, a sort of aide-de-camp to the father abbot,* and some fifty religieux; in all they were, I think, fifty-four. The religieux are divided into pères, competent to perform service in the church, and frères, not so competent, the latter being, I imagine, in a probationary state.† The dress of the pères is a long, petticoated robe, of thick white woollen cloth, which has acquired, through repeated washings, the appearance of rough buckskin leather, with long, wide sleeves, so long, that

* The Author is however, assured, by unquestionable authority, that the directeur has quite a different office;—that he is *confessor*, and has nothing, or next to nothing, to do, with aught but spiritualities. He is said to be busy, late and early, in advising the monks, choir and lay, on their mental difficulties, giving counsel, and, where proper dispositions exist, giving also, the absolution of the church.

† The pères are *priests*, or *full choir monks*, and the frères are *lay* brothers or servants,—not in a probationary state.

when not tucked up, they hang a foot below the hands, a large cape and pointed hood of the same material, the latter either hanging down the back, or pulled over the head, so as nearly to conceal the face, a flannelly shirt, loose white woollen stockings, and immense thick-soled shoes, rubbed over with grease. A leathern girdle holds the robe together round the waist, and from it hangs a large rosary of black beads, terminating in a crucifix formed of the figure of Our Saviour in silver, on a cross of yellow wood. The frères' dress is the same, only the robe, cape, and hood, are of a brown black. In the summer time, both classes, instead of shoes and stockings, wear merely sandals strapped on their bare feet. The pères who happen to be engaged in work of any kind,—such as, for instance, cooking, washing, or gardening,—wear over their white robes, a piece of dark brown cloth, about a foot and a half wide, hanging down before and behind, over the chest and back, with a hood of the same attached. When necessary, the robes are looped up, so as not to drag on the ground, by iron hooks. They shave the crown of the head, and wear, at any rate in this cold weather, black skull caps. The dress of the superiors differs nowise from that of

the other fathers, except that the father abbot wears a large and massive gold cross on his breast.*

A particular part of the building, shut off from the rest of the house, is set apart for the accommodation of strangers, and any one presenting himself, be his calling, religion, or nation, what

* Information subsequently obtained as to various details of monastic life and habits, from sources, the authority of which it is impossible to mistrust, and particularly in reply to enquiries specially made as to costume, at the Trappist monastery on Charnwood forest in Leicestershire, goes to prove, that these notes on Westmalle, are not, in some trifling respects, wholly accurate, a discovery which serves to illustrate the difficulty of ascertaining, and taking faithful memoranda of numerous details on any subject, in a limited time.

It seems, that the choir monks wear white robes without capes, and black scapularies, the latter being a broad strip of cloth hanging down before and behind, with a hood attached, —that at night, these scapularies are exchanged for a white garment of the same form,—and that the lay brothers wear, as is stated above, brown robes with hoods, but put on, when engaged in work, a brown cloak and hood over all. Tonsures are not adopted at the Leicestershire monastery, on account of penal laws still in force in this country. Hoods appear to be worn off the head in the church.

Further enlightenment also on the subject of the conditions of the several monastic ranks, leads to a suspicion of some misconception formed at Westmalle, as to the pères in general, engaging in menial labour, although it is certain, that two of them there acted as pères hôteliers, and, in that capacity, performed many of the duties of domestic servants, exhibiting, be it observed, in their demeanour under these circumstances, a happy combination of zealous activity, courtesy, and dignity.

it may, be he a noble or a scavenger, Roman Catholic, Protestant, Jew, Turk, infidel, or heretic, is received, and fed and lodged for any reasonable time, one principle of the order being, to exercise hospitality according to means. Last year they *had* a Turkish guest. Wishing to avoid any uncomfortable feelings on either side, and to know what my position was, I put it to them direct, whether my being what is called *Protestant*, would cause any scruples or hesitation as to certain matters; and the answer was, that they received and behaved to all alike, without asking questions.

Another object they have in view, is to exert a beneficial influence upon their neighbourhoods, by reclaiming waste lands. Accordingly, their houses are commonly pitched in the midst of the most sterile districts that can be found, which, by degrees, they bring into cultivation. This establishment owns a large tract of land lying round about their monastery, and they work it, partly with their own hands, and partly by hired labour, gaining piece after piece from the waste moorland.

By the way, when people speak of monks choosing the best places for their houses, it would, in many cases, be more fair to say, monks made them the best, pleasantest, and most fruitful places. They may be said to have made Belgium the fer-

tile land it is. Witness also, the results of their agricultural labours in Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, and other counties of England, and elsewhere.

The Trappists of Westmalle, to continue my account of them, have a farm-yard attached to their house,—cows, horses, waggons, gardens, orchards, paddocks,—and workshops of all sorts, as carpenters', smiths', linen weavers',—and each man has his own particular work, which he can best do, assigned to him. Two of them act as pères hôteliers, appointed and continued in office according to the will of the father abbot. Their business is to receive and wait upon strangers. In the gatehouse is a room, where the poor come from miles around to receive victuals, and there is a school for boys within the walls, superintended by the fathers.

Their main principle appears to be, a devotion of themselves to a mortifying and abstemious life, everything approaching to luxury or comfort being carefully avoided by them, and, indeed, *discomfort* and *misery* in all things, being studiously introduced into their habits. Their flannel shirt is changed but once in three weeks; they are shaved but once a month; they sleep on straw mattresses, with a single blanket to cover them.

Formerly they slept on bare planks; but the pope, considering this part of their discipline too severe, and injurious to their health, directed its discontinuance. No fires are allowed, even at this season of the year, in any part of the house, except in the kitchen, printing-room, strangers' common room, and in the ante-room of the refectory during dinner, to keep their messes warm, —which last provision would appear to be a somewhat inconsistent refinement. For seven months in the year, their only meal in each twenty-four hours, except three ounces of bread in the evening, is a dinner at twelve, at which neither flesh, fowl, nor fish is eaten. A pint of beer, however, is allowed to each. Probably, during the remaining months, some small addition may be made to the three ounces of bread in the evening. With the exception of the two superiors, the two pères hôteliers, and those others of them whose duties positively require the permission, they are strictly forbidden to speak, either to each other or to strangers; nor are private friendships permitted among them, or signs of kindly greeting or recognition, from one to another. They have no private cells, but sleep together in two dormitories. They attend, in every twenty-four hours, eight

different ceremonials or services; the first taking place between two and four in the morning, the next at half-past five, at this season, and possibly earlier in the summer time. Probably, on special fast days, and at seasons of penitence, the number and length of these services are increased. They appear, moreover, to fill up with private devotions and meditations every moment of their day which is not occupied by their regular fixed duties and employments.

The two superiors lead precisely the same life as the rest, in every respect, having merely the distinction of *being in fact* the superiors. For necessary purposes, these two occasionally go out of the convent into the world, and on these journeys they wear the common dress of a priest.

No woman is allowed to set foot within the premises, except that the poor women, who come to the place to beg provisions, are received in the chamber in the gatehouse, where, also, I believe, ladies (I hate the word *female*, it sounds so like the mere definition of a naturalist) accompanying visitors, are admitted; but beyond this there is no passing for petticoats. Naturally, the curiosity of 'the sex' as to La Trappe is considerable. I have been told, that bonnets and gowns have

been exchanged for hats, coats, and what not, for the sake of obtaining admission within the mysterious walls. In France, I believe that princesses of the blood royal have the right of entrée. I do not know how the privilege may be here. It is said, that at this monastery, a woman having on one occasion heedlessly passed beyond the prescribed limits, the holy fathers' pious horror of the profanation was such, that they took the trouble to turn the stones of the yard on which she had stepped, upside down. Also, that if by chance they happen to see a woman, however far off, they must bow their faces to the earth till she is out of sight. Certain it is, that on one occasion, when I was in the cabaret by the roadside, one of them, apparently employed in some outdoor work, entered, and spoke to the woman of the house very much, it seemed to me, as a matter of course.*

The fathers are occasionally employed in performing the offices of the church in the neighbourhood, and I think I was told, that they receive payment for these services. The establishment also derives an income from the produce of its estates, if any surplus is left unconsumed in the

* He was probably one of the lay brothers, or servants.

house,—from gifts of money, and perhaps of land, by various benefactors,—and from the donations of strangers who may chance to visit them,—although nothing is asked for, and, by many, nothing paid. The indigent priests, for instance, who, when on travel, make these religious houses their hotels, pay nothing. I believe, also, that a certain fee is paid by each member on his entrance into the order.* This house is, however, very poor,—so I was informed by one of the stranger priests, who said he had known it for many years. It was, in fact, his house of call in those parts.

They renounce, in the most punctilious and careful manner, the vanities, amusements, riches, and comforts of the world, depriving themselves even of what we worldly people call necessaries, and devoting themselves to a life of the extremest hardship and privation, continually fasting and praying, instructing the poor, and, to the extent of their means, relieving them, fertilizing by their labour the wilderness

* With respect to this, it appears, that in some orders, a fee is required,—as among nuns,—lest a house being broken up, when nuns are advanced in life, they should be unable to live; but this is supposed not to be the case with most monks, and, least of all, with the Trappists.

around them, and dispensing frugal hospitality to all who ask for it. By living this life upon earth, they hope, as one of the pères hôteliers told me, to merit after death a reward in heaven. As to the punctiliousness of monastic observance, it is a valuable remark,—and,—using this expression of praise, I need hardly say it is not my own,—that, unless the *letter* of the rule is kept, the *spirit* of it soon escapes, and that attention to what are called *forms*, to what, indeed, in itself is little, is of great consequence, when perpetuity is looked for and secured.

Forms are the osseous part of systems and societies, the least vital, but most permanent: high vitality and permanency are inconsistent. Life implies a coming death, and is a present change. That progress be contentedly stopped, and custom fixed, at a point visibly below attainable perfection, seems essential to the duration of empires and systems: e. g. Egypt, Peru, China.

The religieux number among their community all sorts and conditions of men. Some that I saw appeared to have moved in the lower ranks of life; but there are in the house men who have been barristers, hommes de lettres, rich proprietors, and officers in the army. One of them was

pointed out to me who had been a captain of lancers. Not long ago a general officer had been there, but he had been recently removed to another monastery. The abbot himself, who, I understand, is a very superior person, has been a colonel. One of the pères hôteliers, with whom I had more intercourse than with the other, assured me, that he himself had been a rich man, with all the comforts of the world about him, and servants to wait upon him. This was in allusion to *his* then waiting upon *me*. He said, that he had once been as loud a scoffer as any at the monastic life, but that on reflection he had renounced all worldly attachments and distractions. He had considered the instability of all earthly things, that man's life is but a span, that his wealth and his creature comforts cannot attend him beyond the grave, and that the all-important consideration for *him*, was, what would become of his soul after death. He therefore had devoted himself to this life of self-denial, and thereby to the more complete service of God, hoping for his return hereafter. I give his own words, or thereabouts. On my asking him, whether he was happy and contented, and whether the rest were so, he replied;—"Pourquoi non? We are not obliged to remain

here;—it is our own doing. We should not be here if we were *not* happy." No doubt, however, that as far as solemn vows can bind them, they are so bound, after a certain period of residence in the house. He said, that he was perfectly happy, that he now ate his miserable dinner with more satisfaction than when he formerly sat down to a luxurious table,—to use his own words;—"un bon poulet et une bouteille de vin,"—that he had no anxieties, the world, and all the responsibilities imposed by society, being at an end for him; that he had nothing to do but to devote himself, heart and soul, to God's service.*

He said, that an instance never occurred, of a monk returning voluntarily into the world; that indeed, occasionally, the physician who attended the house, ordered some of them to relinquish the life they had adopted, as being too severe for their constitutions, but that for the most part they enjoyed good health. Many of them, he said, were old men of eighty years, and some had been

* Hereon it may be observed, that very few of us are well justified in thus avoiding the anxieties and responsibilities incident to ordinary life, and which are, as it were, *in the bargain* of our social existence, and to be met and sustained accordingly.

in the house ever since its first establishment. Imagine such a routine as theirs for fifty years! The time seems, when I think of it, like an eternity. He certainly looked himself well and cheerful. He was a tall, robust-looking man, with a good-humoured and prepossessing expression of countenance.*

With respect, however, to the *voluntary* adoption of this severe life *in all cases*, I have been told, since my return to Antwerp, that these mo-

* Appended to Dr. Wigan's work on the 'Duality of the Mind,' ('A new View of Insanity. The Duality of the Mind proved by the structure, functions, and diseases of the brain, and by the phenomena of mental derangement, &c. By A. L. Wigan, M.D. London, 1844,') pp. 427, et seq. are some remarks on the influence of religion on insanity, wherein the tranquillizing effect of the treatment which the Roman Catholic spiritual physician applies to minds disturbed by religious doubts and fears, is contrasted with the too often unfortunate result of the Protestant mode of dealing with similar cases,—the Romanist priest applying a sedative of absolution, and simple observances enjoined on the patient, and the Protestant clergyman, too frequently, with the best intentions no doubt, but injudiciously, suggesting to the already overwrought brain, the consideration of abstract and tormenting questions of Faith, Regeneration, &c., under which, its just finely poised balance is weighed down on the side of madness.—These are the observations of a professed, and, it is believed, a competent writer on the subject of insanity.

Dr. Wigan, a sincere Protestant, and friend to the Esta-

nasteries of the order of St. Bernard are occasionally made use of as places of correction and punishment for offending members of the priestly order.

At twelve o'clock, as I stated before, the père hôtelier invited me to follow him, to see the community dine. He led me through some dark passages, along which the fathers and brethren were thronging,—sorrowful, melancholy figures, with a fixed unchangeable sadness stamped on their faces. They wore their hoods over their

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blished Church of England, as he declares himself to be, having been much occupied in investigating the origin and progress of insanity in Roman Catholic countries, is struck with the rarity of religious madness in that church, as compared with our own.

Without offering a presumptuous opinion as to the precise and exact treatment proper to be applied to a mind diseased, —to use a common, but perhaps unphilosophical expression, —from causes of religion, there can be no rashness in asserting generally, that an awful responsibility rests on him who approaches such a case, and that it requires the most discreet, delicate, and intelligent handling. Non cuivis homini,—not every good man in holy orders is fit for the work.

It is not now necessary to concede, that the Roman Catholic treatment, or an analogous one for a Protestant subject, is the right one,—the optima praxis,—but let us take up and consider the result stated by Dr. Wigan, as a mere matter of medical experience,—*as a fact*,—viz., that the soothing effect of absolution and monotonous observance administered among Roman Catholics, is, on the average, contrasted happily,—to

heads, and, with the deeply serious, anxious expression impressed on their features, their unshaven beards, and uncared for appearance altogether, they looked like so many personifications of wretchedness. They much reminded me of a picture I have seen,—by Fuseli I think,—illustrating Sterne's Essay on Liberty and Slavery,

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use the expression in its medical or professional sense,—with the Protestant practice, and we may perhaps, be the better able to appreciate the *success*, as it may be termed, of monachism, in nearly all ages since the introduction of Christianity,—the reason why it has been so constantly, and still is, in a manner, a *popular thing*,—how it is, that careworn and oppressed, and enthusiastic persons are so easily led to seek, and often find, a comfortable relief to their restless and distempered spirit, within the convent walls. How they find it in the regular daily routine of plain religious observances there enjoined,—in quiet, and freedom from worldly distractions,—and, in their own conviction meanwhile,—whether it be a false one or not, does not affect the proposition,—that, in so living, they are assuredly working out their own salvation, it will not be difficult to understand, when we consider the constitution of the human mind, and the effect thus observed on it, of a particular treatment in matters of religion.

The Author ventures here to quote the remark of a valued friend.

"Temporary monachism I believe to be most wholesome. There are few who would not be the better for it; but we have no contrivance for applying it, without suspicion incurred, of enthusiasm, which would make a return to active life, as difficult to the object thereof, as a return from a lunatic asylum."

"I took a single captive," &c. Their eyes were either bent on the ground, or, if they looked at me as they passed, the look implied no curiosity or other effect on their minds; it was merely as if they were looking through me at the wall. Some were muttering prayers;—some looked like religious lunatics;—and as to others, there was a horrified expression on their faces, as though they were labouring under the conviction that they were eternally and hopelessly damned (far be it from me to say it was so) and were suffering a perpetual waking nightmare of the most awful kind,—so that one could not avoid, for the time, fancying them to be men who were despairingly endeavouring to expiate sins, real or imaginary, by self-mortification, prayer, and penitence. I use these expressions as most aptly descriptive of the scene, and not offensively.*

They moved on, with a slow, swinging, shuffling step, and as they passed through the ante-room, each dipped his fingers into a vessel of water at the door of the refectory, and wiped them on a

* These were but impressions of the moment, forced upon the startled mind, by the sudden view of that melancholy band, coming and going like a group of ghosts across the curtain of a magic lantern.

towel hanging above it. A prayer was said, during which all bowed their heads towards the pavement, till their backs were nearly parallel with it,—then a hymn was sung,—and the signal for commencing dinner was given. They sat at two long tables, ranged along each side of the room. Two or three, who acted as waiters, which office I understand they take in rotation, carried out of the ante-room, coarsely-made earthen measures, containing some kind of soupy mess, and placed one before each monk. They tucked up their long sleeves, and with the solemn slowness that characterized all their movements, and in perfect silence, began to eat, one of them seated at a desk, reading the while aloud from a book. My père hôtelier said that as this was his breakfast as well as dinner; ("comme je vais dîner," he said, "et déjeûner en même temps;") he hoped I would excuse his further attendance, and so he led me back into the strangers' room.

My companions there, were the two priests, one Italian, the other Flemish. The two other strangers who had dined with us, were peasants, who had come to the convent with a letter of recommendation to the superior, from their village priest, to inspect the brewery, which is supposed to

be particularly well planned and managed. These men went away in the course of the afternoon.

The abbot was absent on business at the time; but when I saw the père hôtelier again, I told him I should much like, if making the request would not be taking a liberty, to speak to the prior, that I might explain to him my motive for visiting the house. I was, in fact, curious to see what manner of man he was. I sent him a civil message and my card, and presently an answer came back, that he was waiting for me in an adjoining room. He received me standing in the middle of it, and bowed very quietly and reservedly, yet courteously. He had a benevolent and intelligent countenance, and the air of a gentleman, although his strange costume and neglected appearance made it difficult to judge of this. Imagine, for instance, any "marvellous proper man" of one's acquaintance,—any unexceptionable specimen, in his every-day life, of good looks, supreme tailoring, and genteel deportment,—under the influence of a course of calomel, utterly unshaven, and wrapped in a grego, with the hood pulled over his head. I told the prior that I was a stranger, an Englishman, who, desiring to see something of the monastic life, and having heard

of the hospitality of the house, had ventured to ask for it for a night. His deportment towards me was solemn and subdued. He coolly heard me through my explanation, and then, with the manner of a man of the world, put one or two indifferent questions to me, as to my object in visiting Belgium, accompanying his words, which he used very sparingly, with a few gentle bows. He then conducted me back to my quarters, saying that a père hôtelier should show me over the establishment, and with another civil bow he left me.

The père hôtelier presently took me to my bed-room, one of a number of small chambers opening out of a long corridor, each having over the door, the name of a saint, painted in black letters, on a white ground. Over my door was 'S. Stephanus.' He gave me the key of my room, desiring me to take care of it, because, as he said, they could not always answer for the characters of their guests. I am not sure, however, that the keys were not *all alike*.

The strangers' part of the house consists of these bedrooms on the upper floor, and below, a hall and corridor, the small room where we dined, and which served for our common sitting-room, and another larger room, used when the guests

are numerous. I was assured, that in the summer season, there are sometimes as many as twenty in the house at one time. In the hall, against the wall, was a large figure in alto-relievo, of a skeleton, pointing with its bony fore-finger to the figures on the dial of a clock, which revolving, the time was marked by this ghastly index. The grim spectre was made to look significantly at the spectator, as its outstretched hand pointed out the hour, as though a solemn warning were issuing in a hollow whisper from its grinning mouth:—"*Memento mori,—time flies, and every minute that passes, brings thee, O perchance, unthinking sinner, nearer to that moment when thou shalt belong to me, death!*" This clock may be said to be a type, or visible explanation of the leading idea, that guides and influences the whole Trappist system. "In the midst of life we are in death," is their continual exhortation.

The strangers' room was sparely and poorly furnished,—a sanded floor, a stove in the middle of the room, a painted table, a bureau on one side, a tall clock on the other,—over the chimney-piece, an engraved portrait of a former abbot, and, round the walls, a few prints of saints and other religious subjects, and a number of black frames, enclosing

various sentences in Flemish, French, and Latin, from the Scriptures and fathers, alluding to the shortness of life, the vanity of all earthly goods and attachments, and the necessity of preparing for inevitable death, and for another world. A few well-worn books of devotion lay about, and on the door hung an *avis* for strangers, as to their conduct while in the house, printed in Flemish and French.*

* The French notice is subjoined. The Flemish one was printed on the same page. The regulations differ as to hours, &c., according to the time of year, and different sets are posted up accordingly.

"Vanden 14 Sep. tot Paschem.

Avis.

"Messrs. les Etrangers sont priés de la part du Révérend Père Abbé, de n'entrer sans la connaissance d'un Père Hôtelier, tant dans l'intérieur de la maison qu'au dehors, dans d'autres endroits, que dans les suivants.

"1. Dans les corridors d'en haut conduisants au chœur, place destinée aux Etrangers. 2. Dans leurs chambres. 3. Dans les corridors du quartier des Etrangers. 4. Dans le grand et le petit jardin, où l'on ne s'arrête pas auprès des Religieux. *Note.* On n'entrera pas non plus au moulin ni à la brasserie, sans un Père Hôtelier.

"Ces messieurs sont invités aussi à assister autant que possible aux offices divins commençants comme suit,

"Primes à 5 heures et demie du matin. Tierces et la grand'messe vers les 8 heures. La lecture au chapître au quart avant 6 heures, suivie de complies, après lesquelles on

The framed sentences, various, but all to the same general purport, were also hung along the walls of the hall and lower corridor, and in the spare strangers' room. On the doors leading into the part of the house occupied by the monks, and into the rooms used by the pères hôteliers for their own purposes, notices were affixed, requesting strangers not to pass them, unless accompanied by a père hôtelier. The bedroom corridor communicated by a long, narrow, winding passage, constructed of wood, if

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se rend à sa chambre à coucher. *Note.* Les Dimanches, jours de Fête, et de jeûne particulier, il y aura quelques changements dans les heures de l'office divin.

"2. Depuis complies jusqu'à 6 heures du matin on observera autant que possible, le silence.

"3. On sera très prudent avec la lumière.

"4. On ne dérangera personne, sans nécessité, avant 5 heures du matin.

"5. Si quelqu'un désirerait partir de grand matin ou assister à l'office de nuit, il est prié d'en donner connaissance la veille au soir, au Père Hôtelier.

"La Table.

"Le Déjeûné à 7 heures.

"Le Dîné à 11 heures et demie.

"Le Soupé à 5 heures."

At the top, in a border, are the words "Jesus. Maria. Bernardus."—at the bottom, "Doet alles tot glorie van God."—at the sides, "Omnia in gloriam Dei facte. 1 Cor. x. 31." "Faites tout à la gloire de Dieu."

I rightly recollect, and carried apparently halfway round the house, with a gallery placed at the west end of the church, the front of which was carefully latticed.

I was next taken through the place. First, we visited the printing room, where they print the books used in their religious services, and others having particular relation to their order. It was a small room, kept very warm, and several of them were at work in it.* A room called the chapître, is used as a sort of common room. In a small room adjoining,—if I remember rightly,—their clothes are kept. We passed also through the refectory. Plain white-washed walls and low ceilings everywhere met the eye. All was entirely destitute of ornament, except here and there a large carved and painted Christ, or saint, or a religious picture. The pictures were all bad, as far as I could judge in passing by rapidly. Two closed corridors, one over the other, with glazed windows, run outside the walls of the church, which receives a borrowed light through them.

* Many of the books in use at the monastery on Charnwood Forest, were from the press at Westmalle. The latter house appears to be considered as one of some importance among the Trappist establishments.

Images of Our Saviour crucified, and of saints, the size of life, were reared up in the angles of these corridors, and pictures of saints hung along their walls, between the windows of the church. Opposite many of these symbols, monks were kneeling, perfectly motionless, with heads thrown back, eyes closed, and arms crossed over their breasts, apparently absorbed in earnest prayer. Whenever we passed an opening into the church, my conductor made a genuflection, and crossed himself.

The two dormitories were long low rooms, with a range of bedsteads along each side, of unpainted deal, enclosed with a frame and coarse canvas curtains; on each lay two straw mattresses and a blanket. The father abbot's bed was only distinguished from the rest, by standing by itself, at the end of the room, and by the words 'R. P. Abbas,' painted along the top of the frame. The others had each the name of its occupier painted on the same place, as 'P. Gulielmus, P. Henricus,' &c. I believe that when people enter a religious house, they are known there, not by their real names, but by what are called names in religion, 'Father Robert, or Sister Thérèse,' which, I suppose, pass on the death of the bearer, to some

one else, like the clothes, prayer-book, or rosary of the deceased.*

The church is small, and has nothing remarkable in its architecture, but more ornament than any other part of the building, in taste however of an inferior kind. On the steps of the high altar a monk was kneeling, with his arms stretched out, and his hands open, the palms turned the same way as his face, still and mute as an image of wood or stone, and looking like one of the figures of the praying patriarchs and 'men of God' in the old Scripture prints. Others were kneeling here and there about the church, seemingly wrapped up in prayer or meditation. One lay prostrate, with his forehead touching the pavement. Throughout the whole house no one spoke, not even in prayer, save when my guide whispered an explanation to me.

The burial-ground is in the middle of the building. It appeared to contain but few graves An enormous crucifix was planted in it. By the way, I heard nothing of the popular story of a grave being always kept open among the Trap-

* This is so. The real names and circumstances of the several inmates of a Trappist monastery, are totally unknown among them, unless it happens otherwise by accident.

pists, to receive the brother whom death may next call away, and of their working at it every day,—thus literally digging their own graves. I did not observe any open grave, nor did the père hôtelier allude to any such practice, which I think he would have done, had it existed.*

I was shown lastly, the brewery, stables, cow-houses, workshops, and other places outside the house, including a kitchen garden, and a long succession of orchards and paddocks, neatly fenced out in square plots.

Having time on my hands before four o'clock, the hour of the next service in the church, which, in compliance with the notice before mentioned, I proposed to attend, I employed myself in walking to a neighbouring village and back. The country is flat, and possesses only the picturesqueness of desolation.

At four o'clock I took my place in the strangers' gallery of the church. The ceremony consisted of much singing, chanting, and recitation, one set of

* In the cemetery on Charnwood Forest, there also arranged in the middle of the building, partly surrounded by the cloisters, was to be seen an open grave, about one foot deep, and the explanation given, was, that one *is* always thus kept in partial readiness for the death next occurring. As to the community however, working at it every day, this is a common, but quite unfounded error.

voices responding to another, with the occasional occurrence of a prayer or a chant by a single voice. It seemed to me a very monotonous performance, and, I must say, devoid of anything like devotional feeling. It not only seemed to me monotonous, which indeed every ritual service may easily appear to be, to those not first of all acquainted with the purpose and great object of the rite, but it was also, I may add, careless. The reading was performed in a drawling, see-saw tone, as a school-boy would go through the repetition of his fifty lines of Homer, and the singing, unaccompanied by an organ, or any other instrument, was mere hoarse, coarse bawling, quite destitute of anything like musical sounds, except that now and then, it was perhaps possible to recognize *something like them* amid the din, and out of all tune and time, a discord of rusty choruses, occasionally dying off in shakes, that had just the effect of being produced in a cart without springs, jogging over a rough road. The performance was so bad, as scarcely to be saved by the sacredness of the subject, from being ridiculous. I cannot help observing, that this part of the service did appear to me, not only undevotional, but, from the sense of the preposterous and absurd

that to some extent it unavoidably carried with it, absolutely indecorous.

The service lasted till five, when, with the Italian priest, who was also in the gallery, I went down to supper. I believe the other priest attended none of the services. In our room we found a peasant and a priest, transacting business with the prior, paying him money, and taking a receipt for it. I learned on inquiry, that the peasant was a sort of village churchwarden, and that the money was paid for church services performed by the fathers. Here was the ecclesiastical system of the middle ages, all that our chronicles describe to us as things that were,—matters of almost conjectural history,—in full present practice. An artist might have made an interesting picture out of this group, as they stood by the window, in the dim light of a winter's evening closing in,—the prior, in his white monastic dress, holding the account in his hand, the peasant telling over the five-franc pieces on the table, and the curé du village, in his black suit, explaining the business, and clearing up the account. A bottle of beer was opened, and after partaking of the hospitality of the convent, the peasant and the pastor went away. Whether it was that the

receipt of the dues had gladdened the heart of the prior, I cannot say, but in his conversation with these people, his usual solemnity of manner relaxed into something like a faint hilarity. He indulged in a few careful smiles,—the very opposite of *à gorge déployée*,—and some quiet joking passed between the three. Before he left the room, he said something kind and hospitable to us about our supper. Altogether, I believe his heart was opened, and that, with his money in his pocket, he went on his way, in some sort, rejoicing.

The supper was of potatoes, carrots, bread, butter, cheese, and beer. A shaded lamp was presently set on the table, and as the pères hôteliers stood over it, the light falling on the thick folds of their white dresses, and on the group seated round the table, relieved by the darkness of the other parts of the room, the whole made up an excellent tableau vivant à la Rembrandt.

The pères hôteliers lingered in the room after supper, as though they liked the warmth of the fire, and the privilege of exchanging a few words with their guests. They entered into conversation with us, cheerfully and without restraint, and appeared curious about matters extra muros. The Italian guest spoke French imperfectly, and

no Flemish, and the other, the Fleming, could not speak Italian, so they conversed together in Latin, and with great facility, using it as a living language. In the course of our after-supper talk, the Italian, finding that I was English, asked me several questions about England. Among others, he asked me,—"*whether I had come from that country by sea or by land,*"—or, as he expressed it,—"*à pied!!*" The père hôtelier at first remarked upon this, properly enough, "that the gentleman *must* have come *by sea,*—that it was an island." "*Ah, bien, c'est une île?*" said the Italian. The père hôtelier, however, could not let well alone, for immediately afterwards *he* added, "*mais, but,* I thought one could get round to it by land, by Iceland or Russia, or somewhere thereabouts!!!" There was no mistake about this. I do not in the least suspect misunderstanding of the expressions on either side. Imagine any stronger instances of misdirected education! Here was a man, who could talk Latin as readily as I can English, who did not know that Great Britain was an island. The père hôtelier did not, it would seem, understand very clearly what an island was. I believe that this notion of Great Britain being somehow connected with the north-

western part of Europe, is a sufficiently prevalent one on the Continent. I think it was an Austrian engineer officer (!) who once exhibited to a friend of mine, precisely the same sort of puzzlement upon the point, as the père hôtelier. It was an island,—oh yes,—all that he knew, "*parfaitement bien,*"—but could not one, by making "*un grand détour?*" &c. &c. The British House of Commons, in solemn Parliament assembled, once quietly believed, and, I rather think, legislated on the belief, that Demerara was an island,—and this in no remote days. Another instance. An English gentleman gave directions, in the hearing of a remarkably fine lady, for his yacht to be got ready to take him to Ireland.—"Oh Mr. ——," drawled the lady, in a deprecating tone—"*Why* do you go by *sea,*—why *don't* you go by *land?*" Mr. ——, who was a very polite and well-bred person, quietly replied,—"I've particular reasons, madam, for going by *sea.*"

Thus, we have exhibitions of enormous geographical ignorance on the part of persons living in the world, and having every motive and opportunity for gathering and retaining information that would guard them against such errors. How much more possible is it, let it be therefore cha-

ritably observed, that want of information on similar points should exist in the absolute seclusion of the cloister, or in the comparative retirement of priestly life.

At a quarter before six the père hôtelier summoned us to the '*lecture*,' or evening reading. We passed through a dark ante-room, into the chapître, a long, low room, with plain whitewashed walls and no furniture, except seats arranged along the sides. At the upper end stood the empty chair of the abbot; on the right of this sat the prior, and, near him, the reader, above whose head hung against the wall a brass lamp, the only light in the room, shedding its rays upon his head and book, and leaving everything else in obscurity. Ranged against the walls, on either side, sat the pères and frères in solemn order, looking like so many ghosts, the pères at the upper end, and the frères below them. With their pointed cowls pulled over their heads, and hiding their faces, hands crossed on their knees, their long sleeves hanging down to keep them warm, and their heads bent slightly forward, and drooping upon their chests, they sat, motionless and silent as statues. They impressed one with the notion of their being unearthly beings, whose

presence was uncomfortable to a mortal. And yet, under those dismal habiliments was concealed, I have no doubt, many a kind, expansive heart, or heart that had once been so, and wanted but to feel the genial sympathies of society to recall its cheerful tone. There they sat in two rows,—not a limb stirred,—not a cough was heard,—nothing but the loud voice of the reader, as he read his admonitory chapter in Flemish, now and then stopping, to make sure of a word which he was scarcely able to read by the dim light.

It was wretchedly cold all this time, and the whole scene produced a dismality of feeling, a sense of melancholy and misery, that went through one. I felt as though I was in another world, and that, one of sadness and gloom. Although but a few short hours before, I had been among ordinary men, and in the midst of the every-day bustle of life, I now seemed to myself far removed, both in time and space, from everything I had been hitherto accustomed to. The presence of that spectre-like brotherhood appeared to have wiped out from my mind, all its wonted ideas and associations, and to have impregnated it with a sense of a new state of being. It was almost impossible to me, for instance, to entertain the notion

that at that moment men were elsewhere eating their dinners, drinking wine, laughing, talking, and exchanging kind looks and loving words. The mind refused almost to receive anything beyond its present mixed impressions of misery, melancholy, fear, guilt, and gloom. I believe my notions of right and wrong, probable and improbable, of the fitness and propriety of things in general, in fact, were so completely changed and broken up,—*bouleversés*, as the French say,—that had one of the monks just then quietly swallowed a dose of prussic acid, and fallen down dead on the floor, without any of his companions stirring a limb, or the reading being stopped, the circumstance would have appeared to me all quite natural and proper, at any rate nothing extraordinary. This by way of illustration of the feeling at the time. The presence of the half dozen little boys, whom the fathers had been teaching, and who sat together in the dark at the lower end of the room, was quite a comfort. *They*, at least, with their blouses and wooden shoes, belonged to the ordinary, sunshiny world, whence they had come not long before, and whither they would presently return. One knew, that in half an hour they would go home, and one's fancy gladly followed

them out of that ghostly assembly, through the lanes and footpaths, and into their mothers' cottages. They were something from *without*, to remind one that elsewhere, at any rate, there were warm fires, happy faces, and joyous hearts.

The lecture over, the monks slowly rose, and as slowly lounged out of the place, without observing any particular order of going, quietly disappearing, singly and by twos and threes, till the room was empty, just as the last sparks of a piece of burnt paper wander here and there over its surface, becoming fewer and fewer, until at last all are extinguished.

One of the pères hôteliers came softly to my side, and without speaking, motioned me to follow him. He led me through some dark places, along which I had to feel my way, and left me at the foot of a staircase leading to the strangers' gallery in the church, to which I ascended.

All was dark, except that one dim lamp hung from the roof, in the middle of the choir, shedding a circle of feeble light on the pavement below, and just showing the arched roof above. Two altars formed a sort of screen, with an opening in the middle, dividing the choir from the rest of the church, and the strangers' gallery being at the

west end of the building, the effect of the view from it was thus rendered yet more indistinct and mysterious. Through the opening between these two altars I could just faintly distinguish the white figures of the fathers, as they crossed the circle of glimmering light to their places, looking like so many shadowy forms flitting about in an incantation scene.

From the midst of the darkness and silence, presently rose the sound of their loud hoarse voices, chanting and reciting the service. Occasionally they subsided again into pauses of perfect silence. After a while, two tapers were lighted on the high altar, just serving to make darkness a little more visible. The service lasted about three quarters of an hour. At length it ended, and a chorus of deep voices was heard, thrice repeating, "missa est —— (something that *sounded like* sōns, though that could not have been the word) —missa est sōns—missa est sōns,"—and all was silent;—the two tapers and the lamp were extinguished, — and two monks, having previously lighted lanterns at the latter, filed out of the church at opposite doors into the corridors, through the windows of which, as they passed them with their lights, I could see them slowly pacing along. One

of them came stealthily up to me in the gallery, and motioned me to leave the place. It was one of the pères hôteliers, who had come to lead me to my chamber. Thus I was, actually and literally,

"By friar's lantern led,"

an expression I particularly remember, as exciting my youthful imagination, in Enfield's Speaker.

The rest of them remained, I believe, a while longer, in silent meditation in the church.

I followed my conductor through the long passages to my room, where he lighted my candle at his lantern, bade me good night, and left me.

My room was small, but sufficiently clean and comfortable, containing two iron bedsteads, with blue checked curtains hung in the French fashion, —one of them being furnished with clean bedding, —a table, with washing basin and jug, towel, night-cap, and inkstand on it, and two or three chairs. The floor was a boarded one, sanded. On the wall, over against the table, was fixed a large carved and painted Christ, and below it, a small vessel for holy water, such as are seen at the doors of Roman Catholic churches, containing nothing, however, but pins and dust, and on each side of

these, hung a print of a saint. A copy of the rules for strangers' conduct, already mentioned, was here also displayed.

There was neither fire nor fireplace, and the cold was excessive; indeed, the cold that prevailed throughout the house was a most disagreeable circumstance, contributing much to the dismal sensations by which, more or less, I felt it impossible to avoid being oppressed during the whole time I remained in the monastery. It was not an ordinary, healthy cold, such as is felt out of doors on a frosty morning, but that set, penetrating cold, that pervades a house where there have been no fires for a whole winter.

It was now but seven o'clock, and at that early hour, had I gone to bed, I could not have slept; so, putting on my dressing-gown, and my great-coat over it, I sat down and wrote a long letter. About half-past ten I lay down on the bed, wrapped up as I was, with a blanket over my feet, and so slept well enough till morning. I heard no sound throughout the house, except now and then the tinkling of a small bell, like those used in the Roman Catholic services, and which, I afterwards found, was the church clock striking the hours and half-hours. Having ascertained

that the midnight service resembled what I had seen and heard, and was to see and hear, in the morning, I had not thought it worth while to desire to be called up to it.

WESTMALLE—*Continued.*

SATURDAY, 29th.—At a quarter before five the père hôtelier opened my door, and called me up for the morning service. Having observed overnight, that my door had no fastening beyond a bolt, worked from the inside by a handle, but commanded on the outside by a key, which, although it was delivered into my hands, I had reason to believe to be a mere duplicate of one in the possession of somebody else, and therefore possibly common to all the doors in the corridor, and not choosing, in so strange a place, to allow of the chance of any one quietly walking up to my bedside in the night, without my being aware of it, I had placed a chair and my carpet bag, so as to obstruct the entrance. I was far from suspecting the good fathers of evil intentions towards me,—but I had a bill for a thousand francs in my

pocket, and no arms:—and that part of the house was nothing more nor less than a sort of caravanserai, open to all the world without inquiry as to character. They commonly ask for your passport, and that is all; but they did not require me to exhibit mine. And then, in such circumstances, in spite of oneself, all the old stories that one has read and heard of robber chateaux, and bloody tricks upon travellers, sliding beds, secret doors, daggers, poison, pistol, and cord, come upon one, and make one sharp and suspicious. My contrivance produced its effect, for when the monk opened my door, which I had suspected he would be able to do without asking my leave, the noise he made awakened me, and I was on my feet before he had well entered the room. I heard him mutter to himself in French, as he banged the door against the chair, "Ah, he fears murder."

I made my way in the dark to the church, and wrapped up in my dressing gown and coat, for it was horribly cold. Of course, at that hour it was dark as midnight. Two lamps were burning in the choir, one hanging over a large desk, on which lay the books from which the service was to be chanted. It was pretty much like that of the preceding evening, with the addition of the mass

at the end of it; but the two lamps, and two tapers, which were presently lighted on the altar, produced an admirable picture of light and shade. The little light they gave, just served to shew the extent of the choir, beyond the two altars I have mentioned, which rose in black relief against their gleam. Through the opening a group of monks was seen standing round the desk, and the light, shaded above by a reflector, fell upon them, the desk, and the books, with a marvellous effect. The rest of the fathers sat in their stalls, concealed from my view, and their voices continually chimed in, in deep chorus with those of the set round the desk, who appeared to take the lead in the service. They went through the sort of *strophe* and *antistrophe* in which they sung, in a sufficiently careless way, taking up their respective parts hurriedly, and gabbling them over as if they knew they had so much to sing, and thought that the sooner it was sung the better. The choristers in some of our cathedrals do the same. Immediately below the gallery I fancied I could distinguish two rows of black objects on the pavement, which I supposed were the frères, who are not admitted into the choir.

The chantings and recitations were kept up for a long time. At length they ceased, tapers

were lighted on one of the two small altars, which of course faced westward, towards the gallery, and were immediately below it, and the performance of mass was commenced there by a priest, who, by the gold cross on his breast, I perceived to be the father abbot. He had a fine intelligent countenance. The frères (if frères they were) had vanished before the altars were lighted up. The father abbot presently advanced with the Sacrament towards the gallery, and the Italian priest quitted his place by my side, and descended into the church to meet him.

The lights in the choir having been extinguished, I supposed that the service was now ended, and went away, but afterwards, hearing a noise in the church, I returned, and found the Italian guest in full vestments, performing mass at one of the small altars, while another priest was similarly engaged at the other. The Italian went through the service with a marvellous facility, muttering over the prayers, and making the genuflexions and the signs of the cross, and other passes of the hand which occur in the ceremony, with a ready rapidity that was perfectly astonishing. No doubt he had made himself known as a priest to the abbot, and had offered his services. He and the

other officiator appeared to repeat continually the same ceremony of consecrating the elements. I believe it is so. The church was now perfectly silent, with the exception of the low voices of the priests, and an occasional tinkling at the altars. I think the body of monks had departed. Mass was performed also at the high altar, if I remember rightly.

About half-past six I left the church, and in my chamber made myself as comfortable as I could for breakfast at seven. The means and appliances for a toilette were not very elaborate. No hot water,—no looking-glass, a thing which would have savoured of vanity,—and nothing to clean boots with but grease, which I declined.

The warmth of the stove was delightful after the cold work of the night. Our breakfast was tea, with milk, but no sugar, and bread and butter in thin slices.

At eight o'clock I attended '*grand'messe.*' 'Grand' messe, translated *grand mass*, sounds very magnificent, but there was little pomp or grandeur about this one. I ought to mention, that at the commencement, and at various parts of all the services, a monk pulled one or the other of two bell-ropes that hung down into the choir from the

roof, and the clang of the bell outside followed, announcing far and near as its sound extended, that the solemn rite was about to commence, or the performance at that moment, of some particular part of it, of peculiar sanctity and efficacy, that all who heard it, might join, although far off, in prayer or holy song with the fathers. I remember, that the sound of that bell, and the thought that it would be heard for miles around, suggested curious reflections to me on the sort of electrical communication it formed between the solemn scene within and the world without. What thought the passing traveller, or the peasant, plodding his way to or from his daily toil, of the toll of that bell, feebly borne to his ear through the falling shades of evening, the darkness of midnight, or the mist of the morning? To the minds of some it would present the picture of the mysterious service within the walls of the convent church. Others would hear it, and stop, perchance, for a moment, to listen again for its sound, without any knowledge of the strange scene from the midst of which it was rung, wondering whence it came and what it meant.

The mass was ended before nine o'clock, and I sallied forth for an hour or two. I shall not

easily forget the feeling of genuine delight with which I lighted a cigar at the convent gate, and walked through the morning fog down to the little roadside brandy-shop for a cup of coffee. It was a restoration to the world, and all the feelings connected with it, which I enjoyed with a fervent joy, for which the good fathers would have given me small credit. I can imagine such to be the happiness of the prisoner just released from a long confinement, or of the shipwrecked mariner, when, after months of solitary misery on a desert island, he first steps on the deck of some friendly ship.

After an hour spent in the cabaret, during which I took the opportunity of looking over and correcting the description I had written the night before, I returned to the convent. As I entered, the old porter repeated the ceremony of kneeling down before me. I observed this morning, in the yard, a decently appointed one-horse phaeton, belonging probably to some one who had forwarded the father abbot home the night before. The sight of it suggested reflections on the comforts and pleasures of the world,—the reasonable comforts and pleasures contrived there for our temperate use,—and on the contrast here, the gloom and misery within these walls. Strange

to think, that père Robert, the abbot, should thus, without flinching, return from the genial atmosphere of society, into the chilly and monotonous retirement of his monastery! It seemed to me, like a man sentenced to death, and let out of his prison for a few hours, to mix among uncondemned men, and take his last look on the stirring world, returning quietly,—if such a thing can be imagined,—to deliver himself into the hands of the hangman,—a simile apparently unsavoury, but, when I say, innocently intended, importing, as I hope, no sort of offence.

By the way, the abbot had brought back in his pocket, the key of the library. At least, my seeing it depended upon his return. I visited it with the père hôtelier and the librarian, the latter, a pale-faced, literary-looking man in spectacles, who, I was assured, had been rich in the world. It was contained in a large room near the strangers' quarters, and might consist of seven or eight thousand volumes. I had no time to examine the collection minutely, but there was, of course, a large proportion of divinity, and works relating to the church, and, I believe, there were also worldly books, many, *of all kinds*, which the père hôtelier pointed out to me at one end of the

room, as '*mauvais livres.*' He was pleased to find that I could read their Latin books. "Ah monsieur, vous avez étudié ?" When I put a question to him which he could not answer, he referred it, in as few words as possible, to the librarian, who, being forbidden to speak, replied by signs and finger-talk, as well as he could, and, when these means were insufficient, by an occasional monosyllable: but whenever he opened his lips, he repeatedly crossed himself, as though he considered he had committed a sin, and wished to save himself from its evil consequences. I wished to have taken away with me some book printed at their press, but I found there was some difficulty about this, and having no time to negociate it, I said no more on the subject.

On my applying for some token of remembrance f the place, the father said in a tone of regret, "One might have given you a rosary,—but,—you are not of our religion,"—and he shrugged up his shoulders significantly. I pointed out to him, as to the rosary, that although I should not put it to the same use that the members of his church would apply it to, yet, that it would be safe in my hands from disrespect. That we both worshipped the same God, and acknowledged the

same crucified Saviour, in looking at whose image therefore, which reminded us of the circumstance of his sufferings, I could not entertain other feelings than those of the proper veneration which the remembrance would suggest. He replied, that the rosaries he had, were consecrated, and could therefore scarcely be placed with propriety in my hands, I not being of their church. Nevertheless, in all my conversations with him, and particularly on this occasion, he was considerate and courteous, displaying no bigotry, or distrust, or coldness towards me, as a Protestant; on the contrary, he exhibited a charity of feeling on religious matters, which did him great credit. Fas est, &c. I wish that, in this respect, some Protestants would imitate him.

He gave me a rosary at last, but before he delivered it into my hands, he explained the allusion of its divisions to the various events in the life of our Saviour, and the meaning of each bead, as a Credo, a Pater Noster, ten Ave Marias, &c., "without doing which," he said very gravely, "he could not conscientiously give it me."

I stood talking with him a long time in a sort of store-room where he kept various things. I did not attempt to argue with him when I differed

from him,—and I avoided even expressing dissent, as leading to argument. Indeed, very often I could not have gainsaid him, as, when he spoke of the injustice of accusing Roman Catholics,—of course *he* did not say *Roman*,—of *worshipping images and pictures, because they chose to have them before their eyes, as mementos of holy personages, and important religious events, and incentives to fervent prayer and godly living.* As to the image of our Saviour crucified, or the simple cross, surely nothing can be more reasonable and fitting, than for *all* Christians to set them up before their eyes, *as mementos of their grant of salvation;* to look upon them with feelings of interest and reverence, as reminding them of the great atonement offered for their sins. The reverential regard with which they are viewed, attaches, not to the symbol itself, but to the Son of God, of whose sufferings it reminds us. I never could understand the objections made by ultra-Protestants to this particular representation. Their violent horror of it, appears to me, to be somewhat more than merely unnecessary. They might as reasonably object to the reading of those portions of the Scriptures which describe the crucifixion. The *letters* composing those passages, are merely the *means of*

conveying certain ideas to the mind, and the *symbol of the cross is merely a more concise and imperfect mode of conveying the same ideas*. Had the crucifixion taken place in the midst of the ancient Egyptians, or the modern New Zealanders, and had the event been recorded by an Egyptian or a New Zealand sacred historian, it is most probable, that the record would have consisted of a crucifix engraved on the walls of a temple, or on the bark of a tree. As the père hôtelier moreover, justly observed, the only means, after spoken words, by which the idea of the crucifixion can be conveyed to the mind, and fixed on the memory, of ignorant, unlettered men, are, the crucifix, or other similar representations. He said too :—"Suppose that you have a father whom you dearly love, is it not a comfort and a pleasure to you to possess his picture,—to have it near you, that you may be constantly reminded of him?" I suspect the reasoning process in the minds of ultra-protesting Protestants, on this and other similar points, to be something of this kind, viz. "*To do as the papists do, is to become papistical ourselves, and therefore wrong; but the papists employ the crucifix on various occasions, and in various places; therefore, for us to employ it, is wrong.*" A fallacy, because,

the right and wrong of the question depends upon the thing done, being, in itself, *essentially and peculiarly papistical.* A papist eats and drinks, walks and talks, and stands on his heels, and not on his head, but because I do the same things, non sequitur, that I am a papist.

The father spoke very earnestly to me about these matters, almost with tears in his eyes, and with a great deal of what in preaching and praying, is termed *unction.* I left a trifling sum in his hands for the benefit of the funds of his convent; he received it, evidently with pleasure, but without any particular expression of his thanks, as though he considered, that what was not asked for, scarcely required it,—for, as he said, the monastery offered its homely hospitality to all the world, counting upon nothing in return,—although the richer class of visitors did generally leave some small present behind them.

I think, however, that he took these few francs of mine, as an earnest of the good-will towards his community, and tolerance of his faith, which I had expressed in my conversation, for he presently said;—"Well, I see you are not one of those who make a joke of what we hold sacred,"—and opening a drawer, he brought out a small

metal cross and heart, of very trifling value, ornamented with some emblems and legends, and gave them to me, saying, very solemnly, that they had been consecrated, and would bear me, one day, some good service, ("*il vous portera bonheur,*") that, on looking at his present, I should think on what he had said to me, and more to the same effect. For all this, he has not converted me, only I am reasonable I hope, and I will not be led into condemnation of these people, through thick and thin. I see no necessity for one set of Christians to quarrel violently and virulently with another set, on account of some difference between them on certain points of doctrine and church discipline; and as to these monks, although, no doubt, much may be found in the monastic system to condemn, such institutions are probably useful to some extent in saving souls,—they are a sort of spiritual refuges for the destitute, for very miserable sinners, and suitable asylums, we must believe, to many men of fervent, enthusiastic, natural piety, or to whom misfortunes have made the world a mere waste of misery, an uncongenial abode, in which their feelings are continually harassed and shocked by unwelcome associations

and recollections. To the Trappists, seeing how severe their discipline is, some credit must at any rate be given, for sincerity in their devotion of themselves to prayer and penitence, and their existence is made as useful to those around them, as is consistent with what they consider necessary to work out their own salvation.

The strangers' dinner to-day was pretty much the same as yesterday's. It commenced, however, with soup,—a sort of milky concoction, which I suppose I missed yesterday. I asked leave to see the community dine again. As we were walking along the passage leading to the refectory, the church bell rang. "Ah, c'est l'Angelus," whispered the père hôtelier,—and instantly dropped down on both knees, and so remained for a few moments. These occasions were always somewhat embarrassing to me, but I thought that the proper thing to do, was to bow my head respectfully, and to remain silent and motionless till they had passed over; and this conduct I always adopted. The dinner scene was the same as before; only, to-day, the abbot was present, and I observed, that he sat at a small table at the further end of the room, with the prior on his right-hand, and

the directeur on his left, apart from the rest, and that when the prayer and the hymn were ended, he gave the signal for serving dinner, by knocking with the haft of his knife on the table. His own mess was served first. I could almost fancy to-day, there was an impatient eagerness in the way in which he rapped, a bustling alacrity to serve out, on the part of the waiters, and a hungry anxiety to begin, on the part of the eaters, all very natural in men who had scarcely tasted food for twenty-four hours. Still, the subdued, monkish manner was never lost sight of, and I have no doubt that anything approaching to greediness, even in manner, would be punished by some severe penance enjoined on the offender.

I may mention, as an instance of the fathers' attention to their guests, that the père hôtelier, understanding I meant to walk back, begged I would give myself no trouble about my carpet-bag, beyond leaving it properly directed in my chamber, and that he would take care it was forwarded by the afternoon diligence,—which promise he punctually performed.

I left the convent soon after twelve, and he accompanied me to the outer gate, telling me that it was his duty to do so,—and there we shook

hands together, and he bestowed his benediction on me, and bade me a kind farewell.

I chose to walk back, because the time of the diligence did not square with my intention of dining with my friends at Antwerp at five. My walk was tiresome enough; the straight road, fringed with the everlasting rows of trees, appeared interminable. I left the monastery about a quarter past twelve, and reached the railway station, near the Borgerhout gate, about four. There I found a stand of vigilantes, and took one to my hotel.

Memorandum. One piece of good philosophy, at any rate, may be extracted out of a visit to the monastery of Westmalle, viz. contentment with, and keener appreciation of, all the little comforts and means of sober happiness, that lie within easy reach of most of us in our social existence, and which, until we have seen to what a depth of dismal wretchedness,—for such it is, after all, whatever may have been the original motive,—poor humanity may be sunk, but too many of us are apt, not merely to neglect to make the most of, but ungratefully to regard as not enough. This savours, I am aware, somewhat of Epicureanism. I might, perhaps, call up and parade a

higher tone of moral, to point my tale withal, but I have noted down just that which the impressions of the time suggest.*

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* For many very interesting particulars concerning monachism, or monasticism, see 'Monks and Monasteries; being an Account of English Monachism. By Samuel Fox, M.A., F.S.A. London, 1845.'

A curious picture of monastic life in England, at the end of the 12th, and beginning of the 13th centuries, is exhibited in the 'Chronica Jocelini de Brakelonda.' These, published by the London Camden Society in 1840, are entitled 'Chronica Jocelini de Brakelonda de rebus gestis Samsonis Abbatis Monasterii Sancti Edmundi,' and comprehend the annals of the Benedictine monastery of St. Edmund, at St. Edmundsbury, or Bury St. Edmund's, one of the mitred abbeys, from the year 1173 to the year 1202, written in very simple and naïf Latin by one of the monks of that house, who was, first the prior's, and afterwards, the abbot's chaplain, and who appears to have also filled other important offices.

For a passing view of modern monachism in this country, see an interesting paper in the Athenæum of January 3rd, 1846, number 949, entitled 'Charnwood Forest in 1845,' being an account of a visit to the monastery already alluded to in previous notes.

This house has been recently erected on a wild part of the Forest, about six miles from Loughborough. In company with a friend, the writer of this journal visited it in the month of March 1847.

Approaching the place, they found themselves in a country of bleak and bare hills, scored over with stone walls and rough roads. Turning to the left, out of a road running along the summit of one of the ridges of high ground, they

came suddenly upon the group of monastic buildings, which, being placed beneath a bank, are concealed from sight until thus unexpectedly discovered.

The architecture of the monastery is Pugin's, (the 'Mr.' is best dispensed with in the cases of even cotemporary celebrities), domestic or monastic medieval,—thoroughly well adapted to its purpose, and admirably picturesque. The rough grey stone of the country used in its construction, lends to it a happy effect of antiquity, and it is surveyed under much the same impressions that are produced by a well painted piece of theatre-scenery, which the spectator knows to be an imitation, but nevertheless yields himself up, not unwillingly, to a pleasant belief in its genuineness.

Under the guidance of the guest father, a gentleman of peculiarly courteous and amiable manners, inspection was allowed, of nearly every part of the establishment. It was Westmalle over again, only better arranged, more comfortable,—if the word be not inapplicable,—and more artistic. An arrangement of a succession of compartments or recesses, in the cloisters, each open to them on one side, and, on the other, lighted by a window, and appropriated to purposes of prayer and meditation, was particularly ingenious and effective, and supplies an architectural hint worth noticing, as the plan appears well adapted for a library, either public or private, affording great extent of wall for shelves, freedom from interruption in study, and, at the same time, that picturesque and spacious effect peculiar to a gallery or corridor, on however small a scale.

This house is the only Trappist establishment in England. A prior is at the head of it. The daily habits and observances appear to be generally the same as at Westmalle. Indeed, the rule is presumed to be universally uniform.

The charity of the brotherhood is extensive. About the time in question, vast numbers of destitute Irish, flying from famine and distress at home, were crowding upon the place.

It was stated that more than one thousand meals had been given away in the course of the last preceding week, and that more than three thousand persons had been lodged during the past year. The following advertisement, which appeared in the Times of Wednesday, the 10th of March, 1847, is confirmatory of this statement. The document is copied, it is necessary to observe, *verbatim*.

"The monastery of Mount St. Bernard near Loughborough, Leicestershire, has long been distinguished for its liberal dispensation of charitable relief, and assistance by food, lodging, and clothing, to all poor applicants of every description, without reference to country or religion; and at this particular time, when by its situation and locality being in the immediate and direct road from Liverpool to London, it is in consequence visited by unprecedented numbers of starving and destitute Irish with their families, whose pressing and necessitous claims on the bounty of the monastery have anticipated and exhausted the means of relief, and rendered it impossible to continue to aid their necessities as heretofore. It is in consequence respectfully submitted to the charitable and humane consideration of persons kindly disposed to assist the monastery in this emergency in the work of charity by some timely and kind relief, either by subscription, donation, or any supply of meal or other material for food, in aid of the monastery's resources, which would at this time be most gratefully received and acknowledged. Upwards of 23,399 meals have been given to the poor and distressed, and 3,927 have been lodged during the past year, while the enormously increasing applications subsequently and at this time render the means of supply impossible without the generous assistance solicited. Any kind donation of old clothing (male or female) shoes, boots, or else, will be of the greatest service, as numbers come daily barefoot, destitute, and nearly naked, and with bleeding feet for want of shoes. Any benevolent communication or assistance will be immediately and grate-

fully acknowledged on being addressed to Father Bernard, Prior, Mount St. Bernard's Monastery, Loughborough, Leicestershire; or to Mr. Walker, 47, Bernard Street, Russell Square; or to Mr. Jefferson, 36, Bruton Street, Berkeley Square."

Roman Catholics,—laymen it may be,—are in the habit of visiting the house to 'make retreat' there, as it is termed. There is an excellent guest chamber on an upper floor of the gatehouse, with six bedrooms attached, some of them opening out of the great chamber. They are admirable in comfort.

Women are of course excluded from the interior of the house; they may however enter the gatehouse, in which, besides the accommodation for strangers already mentioned, there is a comfortable little parlour, appropriated to the use of chance visitors.

A building, standing at a short distance from the monastery, and which was occupied by the community while their present house was in course of erection, was afterwards converted into a sort of hotel, for the use of visitors, and especially of ladies accompanying them.

The establishment owns about 200 acres of ground, but the produce does not suffice for its supply. The walled garden, running along one side of the house, laid out in rectangular forms, and strictly of the useful character, was in perfect keeping with the homely, quiet, secluded tone of the whole place.

One of the inmates is professedly skilled in medicine.

The hospitality of the place was kindly offered, and thankfully accepted, in the form of luncheon, a simple repast, but inviting in the purity and excellence of its materials,—bread, butter, cheese, and beer, all home produce.

The view from the steps of the entrance porch is of a wild and picturesque character, consisting of a sweeping undulation of ground, with rocky appearances here and there. One among a group of grey stones on the hill-side to the left, bore

in its outline, precisely the form of a gigantic brother of the order, wearing his pointed hood up.

A pile of rocks, ending in an abrupt peak, forms on one side a screen to the site of the house. On this summit it was intended shortly to erect a large Crucifix, which would be seen for miles around, emblem of the Faith under whose auspices this singular settlement has been formed in the heart of modern England, and a landmark to the numerous pilgrims continually wending their way to the top of that high hill, variously impelled by weariness of the world's ways, holy enthusiasm, hunger and distress, and, not a few, by simple curiosity, often, it is to be feared, of the idle and scoffing sort, but, in some instances, let us hope, of that sober and legitimate kind which pursues enquiry courteously and inoffensively, and receives information and impressions, strange and startling though they be, with charitable and reasonable allowance.

A Roman Catholic gentleman has contributed a notice of this Monastery and Brotherhood to 'The History and Antiquities of Charnwood Forest, by T. R. Potter. London, Nottingham and Leicester, 1842,' in which book it will be found at pp. 157, 8, 9. It may be referred to for many particulars concerning the order.

The Quarterly Review for December 1845, No. 153, Article 2, contains an account of the circumstances attending recent discoveries of Syriac MSS. in the monasteries of the desert of Nitria, which may be read with interest in connection with this subject.

Mr. Beckford's 'Recollections of an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaça and Bathala; by the Author of Vathek, London, 1835,' the relation of a visit to those Portuguese houses, undertaken, at the suggestion of the Prince Regent of Portugal, in the year 1794, in company with the Grand Prior of Aviz, and the Prior of St. Vincent's, presents a picture of monastic magnificence and luxury, next door to the incredible,

but drawn with a particularity of detail, that would indeed make it a most elaborate example of "the lie with circumstance" if untrue. Especially marvellous is the description of the kitchen at Alcobaça, "an immense and nobly-groined hall, not less than sixty feet in diameter," through the centre whereof "ran a brisk rivulet of the clearest water, flowing through pierced wooden reservoirs, containing every sort and size of the finest river-fish," and where "on one side loads of game and venison were heaped up; on the other, vegetables and fruit in endless variety," and "beyond a long line of stoves extended a row of ovens, and close to them, hillocks of wheaten flour whiter than snow, rocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, and pastry in vast abundance, which a numerous tribe of lay brothers and their attendants were rolling out and puffing up into an hundred different shapes, singing all the while as blithely as larks in a corn-field.'

Monks and monasteries in an out of the way and comparatively unknown part of the world, are pleasantly sketched in Mr. Paton's 'Servia, London, 1845;' being notes of his travels through that country in the years 1843 and 1844. See his account in chapter XII. of a short stay at the Convent of Tronosha, and in chapters XXII. and XXIII. respectively, of visits to those of Ravanitza and Manasia.

In fact, similar references might be multiplied ad infinitum, the subject being one of that peculiarly picturesque and mysterious character, that ever recommends itself to the pen of the graphic traveller, as likely to prove attractive to his readers.

'Histoire des Trappistes du Val St. Marie, &c. &c. Namur, F. J. Douxfils, 1841,' is a book which appears to contain much information relating not only to that particular house, but to the Trappist order in general.

The 'Regula S. Bernardi' is a book easily procurable. See also the works of St. Bernard, published in Paris in 1667, by Mabillon.

Other accessible standard authorities on the general sub-

ject of monasteries and monachism are, 'Wharton's Anglia Sacra, Du Cange's Glossary, Cassian, Steevens' History of Monasteries, and the Lives of St. Antony and St. Basil.'

An analysis of the subject of recluse and ascetic living, will be found in 'Natural History of Enthusiasm,' ed. London, 1829. See Section VIII. pp. 194, et seq. to the end of the section, and the whole of Section IX. pp. 211, et seq. And a reference may not be out of place, to the chapters on Religious Melancholy in 'The Anatomy of Melancholy,' ed. 2 vols., London, 1827, and particularly to pp. 510, vol. 2, et seq. to the end of Subject II.

ANTWERP.

A RETURN to the worldly gaieties of Antwerp, was a violent and striking change, and I looked back from the midst of them, upon my insight into the cloistered life at Westmalle, as upon a strange and unlikely dream, abruptly contrasting with the wide-awake realities of the day before and the day after.

The masked balls at the Variétés and elsewhere, have commenced;—dominos and masks, excessive talk in a squeaking voice, to conceal the real one, scenes of noise and dust, whirl, bustle, and excitement. It has an odd effect to see the ghostly-looking dominos and masks,—than which I do not know a more frightful costume,—capering about, and sweeping round the hall in a galopading torrent, pell mell with buffoons, hussars, and flower-girls. And to think, that at the very moment

when scenes like these are enacting at Antwerp, those monks are chaunting their midnight service, in their cold, dark church at Westmalle !*

Monday, 31st.—The interior of Antwerp cathedral seems to me,—all things being liable to be judged of comparatively,—tame and cold, the whitewash with which its walls are covered, and the common white glass in most of its windows, unfortunately combining in this respect, with a certain meagreness of architectural forms. The quadruple arrangement of side-aisles and chapels, produces however, a beautiful effect, by the complicated grouping of columns, and intersecting of arches and groinings which result from it. The enormous lantern crowning the intersection of the nave and choir with the transepts, of modern Flemish taste, is of course a comparatively recent

* The author, calling immediately on his return from the Trappist house on Charnwood Forest, at the ——— Barracks, spoke of the urbanity of the guest-father to a captain of dragoons. To him, an idea, at once brilliant and hospitable, directly occurred:—"Oh,—a gentlemanly man, is he;—would he come over and dine with us?" The antithesis of ideas suggested by the mess-table and the convent fare,—the scarlet and gold, boots, spurs, and whiskers, and the petticoated robe and black hood,—military hilarity and monkish gravity, —and, more than all, the army way of setting about doing a civil thing,—were particularly piquant.

construction. I would however, be understood to speak, on the whole, reverently, of this interior, for, like those of all pointed churches on a large scale, it is grand and impressive.

We visited also the Dominicans' church, or St. Paul's. Outside, near the southern door, is what is called a Calvary, a representation of the tomb of Christ, in artificial rockwork, built up on a small, irregularly shaped space, occurring between the church and the neighbouring houses. The rockwork is arranged, in the worst possible imitation of nature, against the walls of the buildings, and on each side of an inclined plane or avenue leading up to the tomb. Over the grotto enclosing the latter, it is piled up to a great height, climbing up against, and encrusting the walls and buttresses of the church. A multitude of large statues, of saints and scriptural personages, painted white, are planted up and down among these heaps of stone, and especially on the pile above the grotto, where they are thickly placed, occupying every available point from the base of the pyramid to its apex, the latter being crowned with a large crucifix. From the side of the figure of our Saviour, a stream of blood, shewn by an iron rod, painted red, is made to spout out, and

to fall into a cup in the hands of a figure ten or twelve feet below. The tomb itself is surrounded by a sort of arched corridor, constructed of rock-work, in imitation, it is said, of the Holy Sepulchre, and through a grating is seen, in a dark recess, in which a dim oil lamp feebly burns, a figure representing the dead Saviour, clothed in silk and gold. This recess, the Sanctum Sanctorum of the whole, is hung around with innumerable votive offerings, of small silver plates in the shape of eyes, arms, legs and feet, &c., which those afflicted with disease or injury in these various parts of their bodies, have placed there, in pious hope of a cure, or, it may be, in grateful acknowledgment and remembrance of one effected. The walls of the corridor, *pour encourager les autres*, represent, in carved and painted wood, the flames of purgatory, and the faithful undergoing purification therein. Infinite labour and expense have been bestowed upon all this, and the statues are respectable as works of art.

I have been at some pains to describe this Calvary, for it is rather marvellous in one's eyes in the forty-second year of the nineteenth century.

"Voyagez; les préjugés sont comme les plantes,

qui perdent leur force sous un ciel étranger."* As English Protestants, let us consider such exhibitions indulgently, and even reverently,—I use the latter word advisedly :—let us not rush hastily into harsh and violent condemnation. The course of training, by which, in Roman Catholic communities, men's minds may have been brought to the toleration of such things,—to the seeing in them, nothing very gross, or very absurd,—not to say very irreverent,—is quite capable of explanation. At the same time, it does seem somewhat incomprehensible, that the sagacious persons who rule and direct the Roman Catholic church, should have failed to perceive, how utterly such extravagances are unsuited to the present age. Fearlessly however, and without mistrust, they allow and encourage them everywhere,—I am speaking now, of decidedly Roman Catholic countries, like Belgium ; —the worn-out and obsolete machinery used in remote centuries, and unsuited even, it may be said, for those days of easy faith, is still set to work upon men's minds, as if meanwhile the intelligence of society had stood still, and made no

* De Lévis.

progress. A perverse determination not to acknowledge, *ex cathedrâ*, that anything the church has ever done, can possibly have been, or have become, wrong or inexpedient, seems to me, humanly speaking, the capital error and mistake of Romanism. This it is, to be always in the right; in the pride of this assumed infallibility, all concession and amendment is refused; all is declared to be perfect and unimproveable as it stands. It is indeed, hard to win respect and deference from mankind on such terms.

On the other hand, the observation is made to me, that the populace, the unhappily ignorant *plebs*, are as much touched by these coarse representations, as the more refined physical sensualist is, by music, form, and colour, in a cathedral, or the intellectual sensualist, by the glowing descriptions (word-painting) and the metaphysical excitements of the popular preacher. My friend further observes, that he knows no church, which really neglects to provide for the aforesaid *plebs*, except the Church of England,—at least as it was lately,—in whose pewed and cushioned temples the pauper dared not appear, and whose discourses, and even liturgy, he could not (qr. can he yet?) appreciate, or comprehend.

The interior of St. Paul's is fine,—pointed,—

and satisfactory in its proportions, but lamentably spoiled by the barbarisms of latter days,—barbarous, because incongruous,—for, in part, they consist of much exquisite carved-work in wood, of the seventeenth century, in itself very beautiful.

It was not weather to loiter about in a cold church examining pictures, and I freely confess, that of these, though there were several claiming attention, I made but a very superficial inspection. People were trimming the lamps and decorating the church with flowers, in preparation for a festival to be celebrated that evening, which in due course we attended.

This morning we were bent upon sight-seeing, and our next point was the Hôtel de Ville, a huge block of building, monotonous in the repetition of the same sort of details from bottom to top on its ample façade, but picturesque and striking withal, —of the early, or, as it may be termed, mock-Italian architecture. It occupies one end of the Grande Place, and is full of broad staircases, great halls, and long corridors, all, in general, extremely plain. Nevertheless, the staircases, with their groined ceilings, were striking in effect: so also, the heavily-barred iron gates which occurred on them at intervals, suggestive of frequent war and tumult,

and the necessity of means of defence. Thus, the lower windows of many of the houses in Antwerp, are defended by strong fixed iron gratings. The great halls or vestibules too, were, what they were meant to be, massive and solemn, and many of the details of the place were picturesque and interesting, as, for instance, the old-fashioned windows, filled with leaded glass set in curiously fanciful patterns. I contrived to conjure up in imagination, the appropriate figures for all this,—the Spanish soldiers, with plumed hats and glittering halberds, and the grave magistrates in black velvet and furred gowns.

In the marriage-chamber is a magnificent chimney-piece, in the Renaissance style, reaching from the floor to the ceiling. The other decorations of this room are modern, though I observe that Haghe has made an effective restoration of the whole interior, in one of the plates of his work, 'Sketches in Belgium and Germany.' A pair of heavy folding gates, in brass, their upper parts of elaborate open scroll work, leading into an adjoining hall, were very handsome, and peculiar in their effect.

At seven o'clock in the evening we were again in St. Paul's church. It was crowded. We

heard the end of a Flemish sermon, and then some excellent music. The organ, which is said to be one of the finest in Belgium, was aided by a powerful orchestra, and part of the performance was vocal. It lasted for an hour or more; what the music actually was, I do not know;—certainly not sacred music, for any man's ears,—and, more probably than anything else, opera airs, and popular compositions of that character. Meanwhile, far in the distance, at the other end of the church, where lights flashed brightly upon burnished vessels and white robes, and brilliant silks and embroidery, and clouds of incense rose above the crowd, a group of priests and attendants performed their rites before the high altar. To a numerous part of the congregation, the music and the show was the amusement they had come there to seek,—but there were many who knelt promiscuously among the idlers, apparently engaged in prayer or meditation, and utterly regardless of all that was passing around them. Those things in a church, which attract the undevout, do not, be it observed, distract the really devout.

An extra and extemporary Philarmonie ball tonight. Gaieties and dissipations of all kinds thicken and multiply as the days of Lent draw

near, the people seeming determined to take out their pleasure while they may.

Tuesday, February 1st.—Dined out;—paid the servants when I went away, as is always expected here of the guests, each and every of them, on all set occasions of hospitality. I believe I was told,—but it may have been a misunderstanding on my part,—that these douceurs stand for wages. I think it a reasonable arrangement, if they do.

Saturday, 5th.—The King of Prussia was to pass through Antwerp to-day, on his way to the Hague, and I went to the railway station to take my chance of seeing the sight. His Majesty was waited for by a crowd of people outside, and by guards, officers, and functionaries of various kinds, within. I had not thought of making any arrangements for being placed among the privileged few who were admitted, and I confess to a sort of mean satisfaction I experienced, at meeting with the ——— consul and his brother, both men of mark in Antwerp, walking up and down among the οἱ πολλοὶ, in the same ignominious predicament of exclusion as myself. "Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris,"—and if anybody will tell me where that hexameter comes from, I shall feel obliged to him;—not from Virgil, though in

Macculloch's 'Dictionary of Quotations' it is so put down.

The King came about half-past five, when it was quite dark, and was received by torchlight. The scene was rather striking,—generals and aides de camp, regimentals, cocked hats and swords, and the chasseurs, in their Fra Diavolo costume, for a guard of honour, all reddened and glittering in the light of the torches, or shewn by it in black silhouette, according to their position relatively to the spectator. The train stopped short of the expected alighting point, and, like a silly sight-seer as I thought myself at the time, squeezing up to a barred gate, and looking through an opening between the buildings, I saw all the people whose duty it was to surround Royalty on its arrival, hurrying along and anxiously searching for it in all the carriages, as if life and death were concerned. In a few minutes they all returned, en masse, very soberly and demurely, walking backwards and sideways, and perpetually bowing, hat in hand, at the King, who moved on, royally but courteously erect, in the midst of them. They took him into the waiting-room, and, the side of this next us outside people, being all one large window, without blinds, the show was plain to be

seen as Punch in the streets, by those who were near. I was close to the window, but not being acquainted with the royal person, I was unable to single it out to my satisfaction from the surrounding group. At all events I saw the King in his carriage as he drove off, and he has, to the best of my belief, a large red face, and small light-coloured moustaches.

A ball to-night. Things of this sort, in a town like Antwerp, obtain a certain brilliancy and success that cannot be commanded in an ordinary English drawing-room. The continental city has at hand, perhaps a governor, and one or two generals, a garrison, a resident noblesse, and various consuls and functionaries, who all freely bring their titles, dignities, uniforms, and decorations, into the domestic society of the place, shining with a certain moral and physical aristocratic splendour of effect, among the plain gentlemen and ladies, the starless and crossless black coats, and the velvet and white satin gowns.

The supper was managed by bringing into the dancing-room a number of small tables and benches, the ladies sitting down round the walls, and the gentlemen helping them to dishes of all sorts of portable and pic nic viands, as sandwiches, pâtés, and cakes: one of the tables was covered

with glasses and wines, which were served out in the same way.

Sunday, 6th.—I had an appointment to-day with an artillery officer, who was to shew us over the citadel. We accordingly visited the works, a complication of high banks, stone walls, moats, ditches, bridges and gateways, very peculiar and rather picturesque to see, but which it requires considerable military knowledge to understand and appreciate. We were at any rate, able to feel an interest in viewing the scenes pointed out to us, of particular episodes in the siege.

The winter sun shone out brightly to-day, and the view of Antwerp from the ramparts, was very beautiful: hence also, the eye commands, in the opposite direction, a fine sweep of country, which, towards Malines, is thickly wooded, with numerous villages and spires scattered over it; in the leafy months, I should imagine it must present a very pleasing landscape.

The ground forming the centre or heart of the fortress, is smooth and level as a bowling green, and clear of buildings, with the exception of a row of barracks and a powder magazine.

We also visited the arsenal, and here our friend pointed out to our notice an old stone bastion, jutting into the river,—a relic of the days of

Spanish rule in the country, well-known to artists as a study of colour, its crumbling and moss-grown surface presenting a rich and felicitous gradation of tints.

Monday, 7th.—A carnival day:—crowds parading the streets all the afternoon, on foot and in carriages,—some in masks and fantastic dresses. Good buffoonery was scarce; in fact I may say I saw none.

A ball at Madame de Kipdorp's. Many of the Flemish aristocracy still follow out the old-fashioned custom of coming, for their town season, to the capital of their province, instead of spending it in Brussels or Paris. It is well known, that in England, before the improved facilities of travelling,—and the disposition, which is so marked a feature of modern times, to elaborate and intensify everything, even our pleasures (as in the luxurious days of ancient Rome) up to the highest attainable degree,—had gradually introduced that system of centralization, under which the wealthy and independent classes now flock annually to London, for their city life, the same practice prevailed, the country gentlemen having their houses in the provincial towns of their respective neighbourhoods, where, for a certain season, they used to form a society of their own. The custom,

which is a wholesome one in many points of view, still lingers in parts of the Continent, but it cannot live long anywhere. Voltaire somewhere writes of the limited society of small communities, as affording the most favourable circumstances for the thorough enjoyment of social intercourse.

A few particulars of this *bal noble*, as the phrase is here, at the Baron de Kipdorp's, may not be uninteresting, if merely as shewing that it was much the same as any other ball,—and I have already given specimens.

The rooms used were on the gound-floor, moderately spacious, and handsomely, without being at all extravagantly furnished. They were en suite, —an entrance hall, filled with plants and flowers, —on one hand a card room, and on the other an anteroom, and a saloon beyond. The dancing was carried on in the latter room: its walls were painted in imitation of white marble, and were divided into compartments by pilasters: the ceiling, a flat one, was thrown into geometrical forms by panelling and mouldings, all being in a plain and chaste style. I am thus particular, and have been so before, in giving details of this sort, because I consider the average of continental taste as applied to interior architecture and decoration, to be notably superior to our own. Light was

abundant, and this is a point of effect which seems to be always carefully attended to here: for instance, this ball-room, perhaps forty feet long by twenty-five wide, was lighted by a large chandelier of twenty or thirty wax candles, hanging from the centre of the ceiling, a large candelabrum in each corner, and numerous lights fixed at intervals round the walls: the effect may be said to have been in excess, and was increased by the reflexion from the polished white surfaces of the walls, the pure flat white of the ceiling, and the prevalence of white in the ladies' dresses.

Ices, and other assuagements of the heat and fever of the hour, were carried about, and the supper was conducted upon the simple plan of bringing it in on trays, in the form of sandwiches and confectionery, plates and knives and forks being altogether omitted: the wine was served out after the same ambulatory fashion, and included champagne à discrétion, which, I have observed, commonly means, without any discretion at all,—a great point however in champagne drinking, which will not endure stint. The dancing died away in a cotillon, and waltzing, taken like the champagne, at discretion.

In this hospitable city, a reception at one house opens for you the doors of another, and, as had

happened to me elsewhere, at Madame de Kipdorp's, a lady whom I there saw for the first time, kindly engaged me for a soirée at her house on the following night.

Several of us, bound for the masquerade at the Variétés, departed together. We took the Philarmonie en route, and found the accustomed play, smoking, beer-drinking, and punch-sipping, in full activity. At the Variétés there was a great crowd, playing at the old game of quadrilling, galopading, and intriguing. *Intriguer*, has here, for the most part, a very innocent signification, and your lady friends and their daughters will talk to you without hesitation, of Mr. A. having enjoyed endless intrigues at the last ball, and of Madame X. having been delightfully (joliment) intrigued by Mr. B. last year. Thus used, the expression simply means disguising yourself in a black hooded gown and mask, and mystifying your neighbours. The great point is, to get the advantage over them by finding out who they are, preserving the while your own incognito, and then to pour into their ears all the odd, and, it may be, disagreeable stories about them, you can think of. A good store of provoking particulars about every body, is the necessary ammunition of the professed masquerader.

Tuesday, 8th.—Since Sunday the Antwerpians have been gradually getting up their steam for the carnival. At first, as you walked about the city, you met little parties in masks and blue and red dresses, flitting about, and making weak merriment in the mud. This sort of thing has gone on crescendo, till the maximum point of public jollity was reached to-day, Mardi Gras.

Through the streets. The scene was made up of two long strings of carriages, slowly moving along, in opposite directions, in the middle of the road,—of all sorts, from the noble's coach, with its coronets and blazonry, down to the very humble donkey-cart,—crowds of pedestrians, parties of horse and foot soldiers patrolling up and down to preserve order, and the open windows of the houses filled with spectators. The carriages of the better sort were chiefly occupied by nursery-maids and children, the vigilantes and other hired vehicles, by worthy citizens and their wives and daughters, making, for the most part, very dismal holiday in masks and false noses, and the waggons and carts by the more rampant buffooners in fustian and blouses, and fly away country caps. There was, however, very little of the real carnival spirit abroad, nothing like that universal, reckless

abandon that properly belongs to such occasions, and is, as it were, of the essence of a carnival. The average of the whole affair seemed to me most wretchedly solemn and dull: here and there, a little fun bubbled up in the crowd, a small ebullition of wit, going off feebly and fitfully, like a damp firework. Greenwich fair is a better Mardi Gras ten times over; indeed, I have always inclined to believe, that the English talent for buffoonery is by no means despicable.*

The best things I saw, were, a waggonful of musicians, all playing purposely out of all possible time and tune, and affecting the while, the airs and graces of the most accomplished orchestra, and, a party of three horsemen, one of whom carried a trumpet, and another, a placard on a pole, on which was inscribed, in enormous letters: —"Grand Bal à bord du Breaches Queen—entrée, mille francs!"—now and then they halted, the trumpeter blew a wild flourish, and one of them made a speech about the British Queen, the celebrated large steamer, the sister ship to the unfortunate President, and then lying in the basin, having

* John Bull's *good thing* is nearly always a *very* good thing,—clean, clear, and perfect,—going straight to the mark, and sticking fast in it.

been recently purchased by the Belgian government from an English company, at an enormous price, and about the uselessness of which acquisition, public opinion was at the time expressing itself very loudly.*

At all events, it was very orderly holiday-making; I do not recollect to have observed a single instance of drunkenness or misbehaviour. The promenading through the streets continued till dusk, when we went home to dine.

The vigilante drivers here, are really the very stupidest people I know, which is saying a great deal. A smart, active, roguish London cabman, is to them, as a diamond is to cobbler's wax. There is by the way, something provokingly hyperbolical and inappropriate in the designations of slow coaches in general,—*diligence, fly,* and *vigilante,* for instances. Although French is an acknowledged language of the country, these dull Antwerp coachmen seldom or ever understand it sufficiently well to exchange six words of it with

* The British Queen steam-ship has been since broken up, and sold piecemeal; the Atlantic deeps hold the luckless President; the Great Britain lies an unredeemed wreck upon the shore of Dundrum Bay. How vain a thing is human speculation!

you, and are even ignorant of the French names of the streets, which are painted on the walls in juxtaposition with the Flemish ones, and more commonly used than the latter. Further, they frequently know nothing at all, about streets, names, or numbers of any kind, and blunder with you up and down the town, trusting, like Turkish navigators out of sight of land, to the blessing of good luck, for fetching the desired end of their course,—with them quite indeed a voyage of discovery.

To-night I was somewhat late when I set out for my soirée. I explained to the native who was to drive me, in French,—and the directions were repeated by half the establishment at the Hôtel des Etrangers in French *and Flemish*,—that he was to take me to the house of "Monsieur Danvers, Rue des Arbalétriers." Now Antwerp is a city containing about eighty thousand inhabitants, and by no means a large one; Mr. Danvers is one of the chief people of the place; and his house might be expected to be about as well known in it, as that of the Lord Mayor at York, the Dean's at Chester, or the parish clerk's at any village in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. My man did not know Mr. Danvers, or his house,

—he did not know the Rue des Arbalétriers,—and at every turn and corner, he pulled up,—a slow and cautious operation,—and spent five minutes in making enquiries,—and then, further time in getting under weigh again. A man in a hurry presently gets tired of this sort of thing, and at one of his halts, I kicked open the carriage door, jumped out, and without vouchsafing any explanation, strode away down the street, and, I should think, found my way to the house, before Mr. Vigilant's intellects had worked themselves up to a perception of the fact,—a 'great fact' it might have proved for him,—that I had left him, —for, as I turned a corner, I caught sight of him, still sitting mute and motionless, like a wooden image, on his coachbox, as if he had been glued to it. He called however, at the hotel the next morning, for his fare, and of course got it.

I now fully appreciate the force and value of the expression '*Flemish phlegm,*' for surely, the people of the lower classes here are the most imperturbable race under the sun. The shopkeepers for instance, seem quite indifferent to custom. The process of shopping in Antwerp is as follows. A difficulty occurs in limine ;—you find the shop-door *fastened* on the inside. After waiting two,

three, four, or five minutes,—more or less, as the case may be,—it is opened to you by a little girl, —who of course knows nothing about your business,—or, by a heavy-looking, thick-set, Flanders woman,—who, after hearing your French explanation through,—*quite through*,—to the end,—with a stolid, cast-iron expression of countenance, —at length, slowly and quietly, and in a tone of voice between a whine and a drawl, replies :— "Kan niet verstaen,"—*don't understand*. "In the name of patience," you exclaim, "do fetch some one here who speaks French !"—the word "Français" catches her ear, and in due time afterwards, reaches the recesses of her brain, and fetches up the desired idea,—and then, with a startled exclamation, as if a new light on the subject,—a brilliant and sagacious apprehension of the difficulty between you,—had suddenly occurred to her, she shuffles out of the shop in her wooden shoes, into some back premises, and informs her master of your presence. Mynheer lays down his pipe,—very reluctantly no doubt,—buttons his coat, and deliberately enters his shop, and asks you what you want,—or rather, as this would be an effort on his part, he leaves *you* to tell *him*, what you want. Perhaps he has not exactly the thing asked for;

—however, he makes no attempt to induce you to buy something like it, which he has,—no offer, —not he,—to procure it for you elsewhere,—but, with a heavy, dull shake of the head, he syllabically enunciates:—"Non—nous n'avons pas cela," and at the same time makes a significant move towards the door, as if saying,—but he *says* nothing more than he can possibly help:—"Now you see,—I hav'nt got it,—so don't trouble me any longer,—but go away." And you go accordingly, having spent a quarter of an hour to no purpose, and the worthy burgher of Antwerp carefully bolts his door behind you, and resumes his pipe in his back parlour.

Or, suppose that you have been fortunate enough to buy what you want,—your shopkeeper, instead of 'looking alive,' as a Londoner would do,—twitching down, as *he* would, a sheet of clean paper, and wrapping up the purchase, with a flourishing legerdemain, a sort of nervous agony of rapidity,—and presenting it to you with an air and a grace apparently born of galvanism,—instead of doing this, or anything at all like it, your man coolly keeps you standing there before him, while he slowly opens first one drawer, and then another, and fumbles about among dusty odds

and ends therein, in search of a stray piece of dirty paper, in which, when found, he carelessly envelopes the article,—a pair of white kid gloves for instance, in the corner of an old newspaper,—and silently pokes it at you, across the counter.

The philosophical explanation of all this is, I suppose, that the Antwerp shopkeeper is content to obtain by his business just as much money per annum, as will keep him and his family comfortably above water,—preferring an independent leisure, to living in a bustle, and growing rich by it. "Est modus in rebus." I think we do, in England, wear ourselves out, in general, rather too fast, in the labour of money getting, making that the very end and object of our lives, which should be no more than the means of living; but the Antwerp apathy on the subject is in the other extreme.

The upper classes of this country are however, for the most part, vivacious enough, and seem to have a strong spice of the French character about them.

It was a soirée non-dansante at Madame Danvers'. I found three very moderately-sized rooms filled to squeezing: many of the company were engaged at play; the rest talked, those who could

find seats, sitting, but the greater number standing. Presently, every body had become sufficiently hot and thirsty, to relish exceedingly the amusement of swallowing ices and various cooling liquids, and towards the close of the scene, we corrected these with hot spiced wine and punch, all which things were carried about by servants, elbowing their way in and out, among velvets and satins, and gesticulating talkers, with a rashness that made one feel nervous to witness it.

About eleven carriages were announced, and before a quarter to twelve the house was probably clear. I went, and nearly the whole company went, ladies and all, direct to the ball at the Great Theatre, the chief attraction in Antwerp on the night of Mardi Gras. Though it is styled a ball, there was no dancing. The pit was boarded over, and the whole extent of the place made available up to the wall at the back of the stage, the scenery being arranged so as to cover the bare bricks, —and people promenaded up and down, and round and round, while the orchestra played at intervals. The company was of all sorts, from the noblesse who had just left Madame Danvers' house, down to, I suspect, some characters of a very equivocal position in society,—some in masks

and dominos,—more without, in plain dress,—and a small number in fancy costumes. A few of the boxes were occupied by families, who did not choose to mix with the crowd,—but this was purely a matter of taste.

The masks have licence for saying anything to any body, and the fun is, as I have mentioned before, to perplex your neighbours, by letting them know, as plainly and broadly as possible, that you see through their disguises, keeping your own against them, all the time, if you can. The following mystification, which occurred this night to myself, will serve to shew how this sort of game is got up and carried on. It is true I had no disguise myself, so that the illustration will not be quite perfect. I had been doubting with a relative to-day, whether or not it would be worth while for me to call upon her after Madame Danvers' soirée, to bring her to the ball,—and something had passed between us about her being ready for me at eleven o'clock, but nothing had been definitely settled. Exactly as I was thinking of this, and, I believe, rather reproaching myself for not having called for her, a mask came up to me, and to my great astonishment, told me, in French and English, that a lady had been long waiting for me at

——. I thought the conversation had passed exclusively between the lady and myself, and I felt nearly sure that I had no intrigues to apprehend from that quarter; I was accordingly profoundly mystified. I found out afterwards, however, that the question had been just incidentally mentioned at a house where we had called in the course of the evening, and another friend coming in there immediately afterwards, to pick up intriguing materials, this little family discussion had been furnished to him.

Even ladies do not hesitate to put on masks and dominos, and to mix in the motley crowd, for the sake of plaguing their friends. Only think of the piquant little stabs and stings thus inflicted, and of the crimson, and white, and black, and blue, that faces would shew behind those masks, could they be made transparent for the moment, according to the mixing of the poison, and the dexterity of the tormentor! What an inestimable privilege would it be to many a pleasant-minded old Englishwoman, if she could thus walk about among her friends, and, selecting the dearest, squeak spite into their ears without fear of being found out!

The *beau monde* stayed but a very short time,

and I soon grew tired of the scene myself, and went home. At twelve, what they call a 'tombola,' or lottery, was drawn for, and a dozen trumpery prizes were allotted: a friend of mine got 'Le Breaches Queen,' the standing joke of the day, in the form of a small toy-steamboat.

Now that Lent has begun, the fashionables of Antwerp will relinquish the forbidden balls, and content themselves with the smaller dissipation of card parties, &c. Belgium is known for perhaps the most distinctly Roman Catholic country in Europe, after Italy and Spain, and yet, I cannot say that this religious complexion is, in general, apparent upon the face of society, — as far as my own observation goes. I believe however, that many of the young ladies have received convent educations, and occasionally, one takes the veil. On enquiring, at a ball, after a late partner, you may chance to be met with this reply:—"Sir,—you have danced with my daughter for the last time;—she has entered a convent."

I suspect the truth to be,—but these observations have a general, and not a particular reference, — that parents, not over rich, but yet occupying a certain position in society, from

which they are unwilling that any one belonging to them should descend, and having a family of daughters, all of whom they can scarcely hope to see established with even the same means as themselves, are perhaps rather tempted,—unwittingly, it may be,—believing also, that the thing is, in itself, religious, and right, and proper,—to encourage the sort of morbid feeling that leads a girl towards the convent-gate, as she is thus comfortably disposed of, as far as *they* are concerned, without any compromise of the family dignity. In England, the daughters of proud and particular people who stickle for coronets and thousands, (we have them, various in kind and degree,—proud-rich, and proud-poor,—patricians and parvenus of both sorts,—those who have really something to be proud of, and those who have nothing), simply subside into old-maidism visibly before the world's eyes, and making a sort of mental hortus siccus of their withered young affections, eventually find themselves living a life of their own, on incomes various as ever were their fathers' fortunes,—some large, some small, —some, it is to be feared, down at zero,—and so ends their part in the drama of life. In a Roman Catholic country, the same class of women enter a

nunnery at an early age,—its door is closed, and bolted and barred between them and the world,—and what may be the evening of *their* unmated days, few among the friends of their youth know, and still fewer care.

Wednesday, 9th.—My lady relative called, and we mounted together to the top of the cathedral tower: we contrived to reach it towards the close of a fine, sunshiny afternoon, hoping for sunset effects, which we obtained.

The last step places you at the summit of a narrow winding staircase, enclosed in a column of delicate open work. Hence a view,—but that the *fissimo* style is dangerous, I would say,—a glorious view. The pigmy spectator stands, on the point of his apparently insignificant pinnacle, the exact centre of an enormous circle of horizon, bounding one endless, unbroken flat,—and this uniform flatness produces not the least extraordinary part of the effect. Over one part of the map winds the Scheldt, widening as it descends to the sea. Such are the favorable circumstances for far-seeing in this champaign country, that, in very clear weather, Flushing, Bergen-op-Zoom, Breda, Ghent, and Bruges are visible. The eye, brought inwards from its extreme

range, travels over the green plain, and through scattered suburbs, and, crossing a circumscribing line of fortifications, suddenly plunges into a bird's eye view of the crowded city lying immediately below. Inexplicable,—perplexing,—almost tormenting,—and yet wonderful and beautiful! A confusion of winding and zigzagging streets, red-tiled roofs, gables, chimneys, and towers and turrets of all shapes and sizes. Occasionally, a church, with its belfry, or some large pile, crammed with tiers of windows from its base to the very ridge of its high-pitched roof, an old monastery perhaps, now an hospital, or a merchant's warehouse, forms a distinct object;—all else is an architectural bewilderment.

The flooded lands have been drained since I was here last, in 1837. The view from the top of this cathedral tower was then of a peculiar kind. Then, as now, the river was seen on one side, winding itself towards the ocean, but its course was scarcely marked out from the flooded country, by the banks artificially raised to confine it within its proper limits, through which, during the siege, the Dutch had cut a passage for its waters into the adjacent lands. In the direction of the river's mouth, as far as the eye could reach,

all was one vast sea. Here and there, villages with their churches, farm houses, trees, and buildings, appeared drearily above the waste of waters. To the left, as you looked riverwards, the inundation had extended to, and beyond, the edge of a wood, and the water glistened dismally among the trunks of the trees. To the right, both sides of the Scheldt were covered. Nothing can be imagined more impressive as a picture of Desolation. It quite realized one's ideas of the sad subsiding of the waters after the great deluge. Examining this scene more closely, from below, with telescopes, we saw the buildings all utterly deserted,—their windows stripped of glass,—and with every symptom about them of premature decay,—always the most lamentable. Melancholy indeed was their appearance, rising here and there from their own shadows in the still smooth water. The cuttings had been once closed, but the pressure of the uncontrollable element had again forced them open. It seemed, that years must elapse before the face of the land could recover from this terrible submersion. How desolating the effects of one single siege, an episode that has often formed but one move in a protracted war-game!

The Tête de Flandres, the citadel, and the whole scene of operations during the siege, surveyed to advantage from the top of the tower, had then of course, a peculiar interest in our eyes.

The light openwork of the upper part of the tower, which is like a magnified specimen of Chinese ivory carving, is internally crossed over and braced together, in every possible direction, by iron bars, and supported and strengthened by beams of timber. Without these helps, this extraordinary piece of architecture would fall to pieces.* The bells of the carillon, or chimes, hang in the midst of this stone lacework, as it may be called, and we watched them as they played their tune at five o'clock. They are ninety nine in number, of all sizes, from seven feet to eight inches in height, and produce their notes, by being struck on their outside edges by small

* The 'help' of iron to a failing building, is however, rather of that sort, that causes one to say:—"Save me from my friends." It is to be feared, that the usual results of the employment of this metal, as a tie in architectural construction in stone, may presently be exhibited here. The steeple of Bow church, London, was so much injured by iron ties and cramps, the metal, through expansion and contraction, and oxydation, so acting upon the stone, that it became necessary to rebuild the work; and other instances of the same effects are not wanting.

hammers, set in motion by a rickety-looking complication of cranks and wires, that works stiffly and jerkingly, as if it had caught the rheumatism by long exposure to cold and damp so high up; —and yet, somehow or other, the airs are rattled off very smoothly. This machinery dates from the year 1540, and was set up by the Spaniards; —so I was assured by the regulator of the cathedral clock, a scientific old chronometer maker, who occupies a dusty and mysterious-looking shop on the quay. The music of the bells has a peculiarly soft and liquid effect, and, at a distance, sounds much like that of a good street organ: the harsh, intermittent, iron-toned clanging of English chimes, gives no sort of idea of it. It occurs at intervals of every ten minutes, so that the air may be said to be continually filled with it. Any one who has heard the carillon of Antwerp cathedral, will recollect a peculiar monotonous but melodious repetition of one note, with which this music continually ends, as though the grand pianist up in the belfry were in a state of doubt whether he should continue his performance, but had decided at last, to quit the keys.

Thursday, 10th.—To an artist with a friend, to have his portrait drawn. The atelier was a

large room called the Salle des Maçons, in the Grand Place, formerly used by the fraternity of freemasons. It was decorated massively, in the Venetian style, with carving and gilding, large pictures in compartments on the walls, and a painted ceiling,—its original glories sadly faded, but still suggestive of the magnificence of old times in Antwerp.

Friday, 11th.—Idled about the British Queen, and admired a fine sunset over the Scheldt from her quarter-deck.

I made to-day a disastrous attempt upon dinner, at unknown restaurants, trying in vain, first one, and then another. There are but two or three such places in Antwerp, to be depended upon, the best of which can only be compared with third or fourth-rate houses of the kind in Paris; and, in that 'capital du monde civilisé,' as the French are pleased to call it, the most fashionable cafés here, would not rank above estaminets. A nation's proficiency in the art of cookery has been styled a fair criterion of the degree of its civilization, and I am inclined to think the test not a bad one.

Saturday, 12th.—Read the papers at a club. Made an evening call on a family, in the free and

easy way sanctioned by custom here, and spent two very agreeable hours. The carnival was agreed on all hands, to have been this year a remarkably stupid demonstration: I suspect however, that a carnival in Flanders is never a very brilliant affair.

Sunday, 13th.—Dined out. How strange appearst he continental standard of strength in potable liquids, to a Port-and-Sherry-imbibing Englishman,—or, to put the matter in perhaps a fairer light, how strange must our taste and capacity for strong drinks, appear to the foreigner. Our host, who was an hospitable man, and quite above suspicion of stinginess, produced among six of us, when the ladies had retired, and set down on the table, with a knowing wink, and a complacent air, as if he meant us to be now very jolly indeed, one small pint bottle of Madeira, of which the two English in company, would of themselves, have made very small drink, even after fair previous potations of their national rich old Port, instead of the light claret we had been taking.

Although I have mentioned this pint of Madeira, given as a treat among six, I do not know that one ought to call Antwerp a city of feeble drinkers, for spirits are consumed here very abun-

dantly, especially Schiedam; and punch and hot-spiced wine are very popular with all classes. This is to be expected in a foggy and damp climate, where the cold too, of winter, is almost Siberian.

I stopped on my way home to-night at a small drinking house or estaminet in an out of the way part of the town, and found it filled with people still eking out their carnival holiday,—and the notable circumstances about their merriment were, that they were just the sort of men and women one sees capering in Teniers' pictures of village festivals, and that withal, they danced quadrilles.

Monday, 14th.—A sunshiny day, so I crossed the Scheldt in the ferry steamer to the Tête de Flandres, a miserable knot of dirty houses on the river's edge, with dunghills and heaps of mud between and about them, the whole surrounded by fortifications,—all very picturesque however, in the distance. The taper needle of a small chapel rises above the group, and a fine sunset behind it, seen from the Antwerp side of the water, is an effect to be highly prized by an artist.

I then walked along the raised bank that keeps the river within its limits, being minded to exa-

mine the place, where, about half a mile above the Tête de Flandres, the Dutch cut through it at the time of the siege, and so inundated the country in that direction. The spot is marked by an irregular deviation of the dyke from its original line, and by some acres of water lying stagnant in the pits excavated to get soil for stopping the leak. I continued my walk for a mile or two further. The polders or meadows on this side the river, form a flat and dreary waste, intersected by ditches filled with water. The effects of the submersion of the land are very plain to be seen, much of the surface consisting of mere sand, out of which grows a kind of feeble grass. Here and there the bright sunshine was flashed back from the face of a still pool, adding greatly to the desolation of the scene.

If you turned from this, and looked down and across the river, there was old Antwerp, apparently close to you, with its houses crowded together in a long and varied line, brightly picturesque and beautiful in the sun, and its giant tower shewing grandly in the air above them.

I presently reached a pretty village, standing on the water's edge, backed by a wood, the boundary of the polders in this direction. There were

sailing vessels and boats on the water, and a tumble-down tavern, and men, women, and horses, on the beach,—and the whole scene was just one of those yellow-looking, hazy, and yet sunny pictures of the Flemish school, one has so often contemplated with a sort of dreamy satisfaction akin to the character of the work.

I hailed a passing country-boat, lazily working her way towards the city, under the guidance of a single boatman, and got on board: against tide, and with little wind in our favor, we were a long time before we reached the wharf.

A musical soirée to-night at the house of M. de St. Jacques, the ——— consul. After the compliments of reception, and tea, the whole company trooped along en masse, towards a large room at the further end of the suite: the ladies ranged themselves on seats round the walls, a piano stood in the middle of the floor, and, one after another, various amateurs came forward, and displayed their vocal and instrumental abilities. A professed musician accompanied the vocalists, and the performances were really, altogether, of a very high order of excellence. Meanwhile, the men crowded to listen, round the door,—the concert room itself being exclusively occupied by the

performers and the lady-audience,—till an entre-acte occurred, when there was an immediate rush of males into the place, to talk and pay compliments, the flood of black coats retiring again to the door at the first symptom of the recommencement of the performance. Those who did not care about the music, played at cards, or lounged about and talked in the other rooms. Each carriage, as it set down, had been ordered by the servants to return at half-past eleven, soon after which hour we all left the house.

ANTWERP—*Continued.*

Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, 15th, 16th, and 17th.—I was forced to nurse myself for a sore throat and headache. My doctor, of whom I had seen very little before, came into my room with a lighted cigar, and smoked while he felt my pulse: he did it as coolly as an English physician takes snuff. Etude de mœurs; all the world smokes here, and he was perfectly welcome to do it.

One fine morning, this gentleman remarked to me in his own shop,—for he keeps one,—in a triumphant sort of way:—"Ah, Sir, I guess you have no such sun as this in England!" This was good,—from an inhabitant of Flanders. I begged to assure him that the sun shone as brightly in England as at Antwerp. The delusions under which continental people labour respecting our country, are most extraordinary,—

people even of position and intelligence, like this good doctor of mine. The Spanish idea is, that all our houses are black,—probably an exaggeration of the accounts brought home by travelled Spaniards, of the smoky and dingy appearance of London. The most generally received notion seems to be, that England is a wretched, benighted country, where a dark wet cloud perpetually hides the earth from the sun and the sun from the earth, and where no spring, summer, or autumn ever comes round. Each foreigner hugs himself with the belief, that, if Providence has permitted us to be superior to his own nation, in the matters of steam-engines, cotton-spinning, or whatever else he is pleased to concede as our excelling point, he at any rate enjoys a finer climate than the Englishman.

Friday, 18th.—A round of P. P. C. calls. A corner of the card turned down denotes a personal call.* The custom in Antwerp, as to these cere-

* The following descriptions and copies of invitations, and announcements of marriages and deaths, &c., are selected from a heap of such things collected in Antwerp. They may be said to be in some degree illustrative of national habits, tastes, and peculiarities.

Invitation to dinner. A small sheet of note paper, the first page containing the following words and letters, beautifully

monials, is, *not* for the natives to call in the first instance on the stranger, but, for the stranger to call first on the natives. You meet people at a

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illuminated in gold and colours, and surrounded by a complication of arabesques and appropriate devices, the grand initial letter enclosing a representation of a dinner-table, on which stands a magnificent pâté, flanked by two long-necked bottles.

'A Dîner Je Vous Convie. T. S. V. P.'

A summons to a country excursion, bearing the words

'Partie de Campagne,'

similarly ornamented, a delicious little maison de plaisance appearing at the top of the page, and at the foot thereof, a procession of donkeys laden with fair ladies and panniers of viands.

An invitation,—to what and to whom, does not appear,—but suitable for a very solemn occasion, and a very important personage, being quite in the Spanish style of politeness. The preamble thereof is thus set forth on the first page.

'Considération. Respect. Dévouement.'

The words composed of and mixed up with illuminations and arabesques as above. At the top, a cavalier in cloak and doublet, is bowing to the earth, hat in hand, to another. At bottom is the figure of a man, sword in hand, defending himself against a dragon, and the appropriate form of words,

'Veuillez Tourner. S. V. P.'

A ticket denoting the place assigned to a guest at dinner, and for that purpose, laid on his plate. A brilliant blue ground; in the centre, the name of the guest, 'Monsieur ***,' surrounded by an ornamental border in gold; at the top, the coronet and crest of the Amphitryon.

friend's house, or by some means or other, you are introduced to them, and if you have reason to suppose that a further acquaintance with you will

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A visiting card. A gothic architectural device in gold, enclosing the names of the visitors,

'Madame * * *
Mdlle. * * *'

Announcement of marriage. A large enamelled card, and, delicately engraved thereon,

'Monsieur et Madame De * * * ont l'honneur de vous annoncer le mariage de leur fils * * * avec Mademoiselle * * * * * *.

* * *, le * Octobre, 184*.'

The accompaniment to the last.

'Monsieur et Madame * * * ont l'honneur de vous annoncer le mariage de leur fille * * * avec Monsieur * * * De * * *.

Anvers, le * Octobre, 184*.'

Announcement of death. A large card, with a broad black border, enclosing a small cross, and these words,

'Monsieur et Madame * * *
Font part de la mort de leur frère et beau-frère
Monsieur
* * * * * *,
Décédé le* ***, 18**, à ***, à l'âge de ** ans,
muni des secours de la Religion.
Que son Ame repose en paix.'

Another. A black edged paper, the size of half a sheet of

not be disagreeable to them, you present yourself at their house, and so, matters progress between you.

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large letter paper; at the top, a woodcut of an angel weeping over a funeral urn, and below,

'M * * *

'Nous avons la douleur de vous faire part le la mort de Monsieur *** ***, propriétaire à ***, décédé le * *** dernier, à l'âge de ** ans, muni des Sacrements.

Nous le recommandons à vos prières.

Les exécuteurs testamentaires,
* * *;
* * *.

***, le* ***, 18**.'

Another, similar in size, &c., to the last, but in the following remarkable form.

'Mr. et Madame * * *, Mme * * *, Mr. * * *, Mr. * * *, Mr. et Mme * * *, Mr. et Mme * * *, Mr. et Mme * * *, et Mr. * * *, ont l'honneur de vous faire part de la perte douloureuse qu'ils viennent de faire en la personne de Mr. * * * * * *, Bachelier-ès-lettres, Elève à une école préparatoire à Paris, leur fils, petit-fils, frère et neveu, décédé chez son oncle, Mr. * * *, le* * * * 18**, âgé de * * ans, administré des Sacremens de notre Mère la Sainte Eglise.

Ils vous prient d'assister au Convoi qui aura lieu *** ** dudit mois, à six heures trois quarts du soir, à l'Eglise de ***, sa paroisse, d'où son corps sera conduit au cimetière de la ville pour y être inhumé.

L'assemblée à la maison mortuaire, ***, No. *.

Ils vous prient aussi d'assister aux messes qui seront célébrées au Maître-Autel de ladite Eglise, ***, ***, pendant toute la matinée.

(La dernière Messe à onze heures.)

Un *De Profundis*, s'il vous plaît.

***, le* *** 18**.'

They have an honest, common-sense way here, of dealing with morning visits. When I asked

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There would certainly be good reason for hesitation as to publishing the above curious paper, if there could be the most remote probability of its being recognized in print by any of the persons named in the original. It is inserted in this note, as are the other similar documents given, solely as an illustration of manners and customs, and, assuredly, in a duly respectful and reverential spirit. There is, in fact, it may be well added, in the tone and language of these notifications of the deaths of departed relatives, much that is solemn and touching, and suggestive of serious and elevated reflection.

An announcement of death, but not addressed in such personal and direct terms as those copied above. An engraved card, having on one side, the representation of a tomb in a cemetery, and the words,

'Priez pour l'Ame de Mr.
* * *
* * *,
Négociant à ***, décédé le * *** 18**,
à l'âge de ** ans, admtré des Sacremts.

J'ai une ferme espérance que je jouirai des biens du Seigneur dans la terre des vivans. Ps. 26.

Nous l'avons aimé, ne le délaissons pas que nous ne l'ayons introduit par nos larmes et nos prières, dans les Tabernacles éternels. St. Ambr.

R. I. P.'

And, on the other, a picture of St. Vincent de Paul succouring children perishing in the snow, with the words below,

'St. Vincent de Paul.
Don de conseil.'

Another notice of the same kind is printed in Flemish.

the old woman at Madame de St. Jacques' lodge this morning, if Madame was at home, she replied, very quietly and civilly:—"Monsieur, Madame ne reçoit pas aujourd'hui."—that is:—"Yes—she *is* at home, but for reasons of her own, she will not see visitors this morning." In such case, the visitor leaves his card and his compliments, and goes away perfectly satisfied. How much better is this, than the lie which the London footman tells you with a cool face, when he says his mistress is "not at home," and you feel perfectly sure all the time, that she *is* at home, though perhaps idly disposed, or in a dressing-gown and slippers, teaching her children, or combing her lapdog, or reckoning up the washing bills. However, as I was parleying with the portress, and pulling out my card, a maid-servant appeared at an upper window of the house, which is separated from the street by a garden, and telegraphed energetically with a handkerchief, and a succession of affirmative nods, that Madame *would* see me; the old woman interpreted the signal:—"Mais, oui, oui, Monsieur,—Madame reçoit,"—and I went in.

The result of my observation of Antwerp society, goes to shew me, that there are in it seve-

ral distinct and separate *grades;* and, to the best of my belief, these may be fairly described as follows:

First, there are the nobles and their connexions, constituting what is called the *société noble.* Next, there is the set of the chief merchants and rich people, the foreign consuls, and the best of the professional men, &c. The greater number of these however, as a matter of course enter into and almost form a component part of the *société noble.* Still, there is, I believe, a distinction. For instance, though the A Bs and C Ds, wealthy mercantile families, untitled, but perhaps bearing the consular dignity in the persons of their heads, may visit the E de Fs, and the G de Hs, members of the titular noblesse, on very familiar terms, yet there are people whom you will meet at the houses of the A Bs and C Ds,—perfectly unexceptionable people all the while,—whom you will *not* meet at the E de Fs' and the G de Hs'. In these two sets, will be found the chief functionaries and official people, and the élite of the military men,—the generals, staff officers, colonels of regiments, and other elegant extracts of the army,—and of this, the small 'fashionable world' as it were, of the City on the Wharf (aen't

werf) the company at the Union balls is almost exclusively composed.

Then comes the bourgeois class, that is, the merchants, &c., of minor degree, people of easy, and, it may be, even affluent circumstances, but whose position in the social scale may be said to be marked out where I have placed it. These, again to exemplify, form the great majority at the Philarmonie balls, which, however, the more exclusive classes also frequent for their own amusement. At the last-mentioned assemblies there is always to be found a plentiful sprinkling of the less fêtés *militaires*. This bourgeois class may be again subdivided into perhaps two sets, more or less, however, fusing together, the lower one consisting of the people of smaller circumstances and position, and extending downwards to those who probably may just stand clear of the shopkeeping ranks. The latter again, viz., the chief shopkeepers, &c., form a society of their own, and have their peculiar balls and clubs, which they frequent, not with the vile, vulgar, English passion for being 'in the fashion,' but from a genuine, honest, national love of dancing, tobacco, lounging, and card-playing. During the time of the carnival balls by the way, the maid servants insist

upon having their fair allowance of dancing, and masters and mistresses are obliged to acquiesce in their going out now and then, very happy, about eight o'clock in the evening, dressed in new gowns, clean white caps, and very bright ribbons, and returning at a tolerably late hour, with a determination to do the same thing again as soon as may be decently possible.

Officials and functionaries of all sorts, and professional men, and various callings which it is useless to particularize, find their places, according to degree, in one or the other of the several grades I have mentioned.

At the clubs and cafés however, a sort of freemasonry appears to exist among all comers, so that, for instance, the noblesse and their set, although sufficiently exclusive elsewhere, go, many of them, every night, to the Philarmonie (the Union is by no means a miscellaneous club) and smoke, and drink beer and punch, and play and bet with any company they may meet there,—and in fact, notwithstanding the distinct existence of the social divisions I have set forth, a general tone of good-fellowship seems to pervade all classes, and to bring them together, except upon set and state occasions, in harmony and kindly feeling.

There appears to be that sort of appetite and desire among Antwerpians, for social intercourse, of a quiet, comfortable, easy sort, accompanied by the smoke of cigars, the smack of sweet punch, the click of billiard balls, and the shuffling of cards, that makes every man but too glad to engage his neighbour to assist him in the enjoyment of it, on any terms. Especially gregarious animals in their habits, they seem to think, that no opportunity is to be thrown away, of obtaining a pleasant gossiping smoke, or a pastime of billiards or écarté, or any other similar practicable *délassement*,—and hence the fusion of ranks, under certain circumstances, to which I have alluded.

The people of wealth and leisure,—'the nobility and gentry,' as the English tradesmen have it in their advertisements,—do not seem to create for themselves the sort of resources in which the same class in England take pleasure. The life of a fine *lady* is, generally speaking, much the same all the world over, and under all circumstances;—not even the difference between town and country, materially affects *her* average way of passing a week, a month, or a year. But distinctive habits are salient and unmistakeable among fine *gentlemen*, and I am therefore just now more particu-

larly alluding to *them*—the Antwerpian variety. They have no great passion for field-sports, and you will hardly ever see a well-dressed man on horseback. In their winter quarters, within the city walls, they lead a sort of watering-place life, which an Englishman, with his taste for stronger excitements, would find intolerable for a continuance. By a *watering-place life*, I mean a sort of pointless, désœuvré, unhinged existence,—a 'far' niente,' in which the 'dolce' soon ceases, with us, to be at all perceptible.

I write as an Englishman, and, though comparisons may be odious, they are, nevertheless, illustrative. The gentleman of Antwerp is of course perfectly happy in his own way, although it does not happen to be our way. Nor is his way altogether an unpleasant one for the idle stranger, whom chance may bring for a season within its influence.

I question if there is here much of what may be styled *domestic* social intercourse,—quiet dinnering and so forth on a small scale, for instance;—the feeling of society does not seem to me to lie that way. Nor do I think that literary or scientific attainments bear any very high value in public estimation,—or the *intellectuals* in ge-

neral, with the exception of artistic superiority, which is honourably recognized in Wappers and De Keyser, and is manifestly appreciated in other forms, in a high degree. It may be observed however, that the tone of society in these respects, in any given place, is not very likely to be accurately understood by a passing stranger, unless he happens to be professedly literary, scientific, or otherwise intellectual, himself. Such dispositions men do not wear upon their sleeves; social meetings would be very tiresome contrivances for our being bored, if they did.

I should say, that men here care very little about what may be called *conduct*. Of course, the standard of this must vary in various countries and communities, and the rule of observance which may be essentially proper and necessary in London, may become very much modified in Vera Cruz or Antwerp. However, so it is in the latter place, that, for an instance of what I mean, merchants and men of business, many of them perhaps duly endowed with the responsibility and respectability conferred by wife and children at home, will be found smoking and gossiping, playing at dominos, and drinking coffee, in the neighbourhood of the Bourse, at mid-day, and up

to the time when the bell rings for the commencement of business there, when they troop in, make their bargains and arrangements, and come out again to resume their interrupted leisure;—and in the evening, the same class of men will be found at the theatre, or a masked ball, or spending a sort of cigar-divan time of it at the Philarmonie, or the Philotaxe.

A French impression as to society, is the one left, on the whole, on the mind of the stranger, although the community is Flemish and Dutch, mixed. I fancy there is still a good deal of Dutch feeling in the place. I remember a lady correcting me as to a supposition I had risked, of her being Flemish,—with a rather proud and starched —"Monsieur,—je suis *Hollandaise.*"

I have been surprised,—I cannot say disappointed,—to meet so few English in society. Our own small party of three have been certainly the only *English* English people habitually frequenting the Antwerp saloons during my stay. There are, it is true, a very few *Antwerp* English, forming part of the society of the place, but *they* are regularly domiciled there, either as consuls, or engaged in mercantile affairs, and nearly all of them are connected by marriage with their adopted

country. Occasionally also, at the public balls, an extra countryman or countrywoman has appeared, but we have been, on the whole, I am happy to say, an utterly infinitesimal minority.

I rejoiced at this,—in the first place, because I go to a foreign place to see foreign people, to hear and speak,—when I can,—a foreign language, and to observe foreign manners and customs,—and, *not* to make one of an exclusive herd of English, discussing, in the *English* London drawl, *English* politics, over *English* port wine, and, in general, *Anglicising* themselves to the uttermost. In the next place, I am inclined to think, that the congregating together of my own countrymen on the continent, is by no means favourable to the maintenance and developement of the national character. The English abroad, side by side, are apt to be prejudiced, narrow-minded, selfish, conceited, and arrogant,—to grumble, growl, and sneer at everything and everybody about them,—and, in short, to be as unlike the enlightened, open-hearted, hospitable, pleasant fellows they would be at home, as possible. Therefore have I been greatly comforted to find the John Bulls decidedly few and far between in the Antwerp field.

By no means, however, do I desire to make it

appear, that I am ashamed of my countrymen,—entendu,—my reasonable and respectable compatriots. But I do assert, that under certain circumstances of foreign existence,—under the influence, if you will, of certain feelings and fancies of the moment,—one may be well justified in sustaining the absence of 'the great English nation' with very sufficient equanimity.

Antwerp is quite a soldier-town. The engineers and artillery, the chasseurs, and the line, are to be met with everywhere. The chasseurs wear a picturesque uniform, much like the costume of the hunters in 'Der Freyschutz,' viz., a green frock-coat and trousers, black belts, and a high, conical-shaped, glazed hat, with a peculiar turn-up given to the brim. If at any time I had seen a dozen of them suddenly form a semi-circle in the street, and, falling into the stage 'stand at ease,' open their mouths wide, and favour the public with the celebrated 'Huntsman's Chorus,' it would have seemed to me the most natural and consistent thing in the world.

The portion of the Belgian fleet stationed in the Scheldt, consists, if I remember rightly, of a sloop of war, an over-rigged brig, and a few gunboats. Their cruizing is over rather limited

ground, for they are unable to go lower down the river than Lillo and Liefkenshoek, the two frontier forts. During the winter they lie up in the docks: in the spring, as soon as the river is clear of ice, they issue forth, and take up their stations, to look pretty, opposite the city, and when the frost of the next winter comes, they again retire to the docks. I believe a few gun-boats are also stationed near Lillo and Liefkenshoek. I went on board one of them: they are stout, stumpy boats, cutter-rigged, decked, carrying one heavy gun, strongly manned, and abundantly supplied with small arms. At the time of the siege, the Dutch fleet of gun-boats manœuvred over the river and the submerged fields opposite the city: one of them got on shore on the Antwerp side, and the lieutenant commanding, seeing that her capture was otherwise inevitable, laid a lighted cigar on some powder in the magazine, and blew her up, with all and everything on board.

The Belgian full-dress naval uniform is very handsome, — blue, with gold embroidery and epaulettes, much like our own.

They have, by the way, in this service, a most mischievous and insane mode of punishment in

use, viz., sending the men, in the depth and extremest rigour of a Flemish winter, in summer clothing, and on short allowance, to pass days and nights on board a stoveless, and utterly unfurnished hulk, moored in the middle of one of the basins. I have often seen the poor wretches there, shiveringly pacing the deck in canvas jackets and trousers, and no doubt laying the foundation of permanent, incapacitating disease. This form of punishment is the more absurd and unnecessary on shore, where ample means of applying correction in other and unobjectionable ways, are always at hand. At sea, where prompt and immediate applications of it are necessary for the maintenance of discipline, under the disadvantageous circumstances of limited space, and inability to spare the delinquent's labour for too long a time, officers are driven to employ punishments, which they admit and acknowledge to be, in themselves, objectionable;—and this is one of the best reasons that may be given for continuing the practice of corporal punishment on board ship.

French may certainly be said to be the current language of good society in Antwerp. Flemish of course, and Dutch, are also much spoken in it.

The shopkeepers, and all classes except the very lowest, are able to speak French, and most of the newspapers are published in that language. Flemish is necessarily the vernacular, or vulgar tongue of the country. It sounds not altogether unfamiliarly in English ears.

A friend of mine, or a friend of his, was travelling somewhere in this part of the world,—but I think it was in Holland,—and had with him an English north-country servant, whom of course, he supposed to be utterly guiltless of Dutch. One morning, John, when wanted, was not forthcoming, but was at length discovered among a company of the hotel people, with whom he appeared to be making himself exceedingly popular, laughing and talking with them, and exchanging kitchen and stable jokes very glibly,—as if, in fact, he had been a born Dutchman. "Why John,"—quoth his master,—"where did you learn to talk Dutch?—you never told me of this accomplishment of yours."—"I never larned nothing of the sort, Sir,"—replied John:—"but, bless ye Sir, *it's only bad Yorkshire.*"*

* As probably few English people comparatively, have any very distinct notion of the Flemish language, and how

But English sounds very different from the *Latin*-derived tongues; and, as if it were not suf-

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nearly it resembles their own, a few specimens are subjoined of English words and phrases rendered into Flemish.

English.	*Flemish.*
The earth	De aerde.
sea	zee.
sand	Het zand.
water	water.
Well-water	Put-water (pit-water).
The wind	Den wind.
Drought	Drooghte.
Gold	Goud.
Silver	Zilver.
Copper	Koper.
Tin	Tin.
Steel	Stael.
Quicksilver	Kwikzilver.
The father	Den vader.
mother	De moeder.
brother	Den broeder.
son	zoon.
A compositor	Eenen letterzetter.
bookbinder	boekbinder.
brewer	brouwer.
baker	bakker.
To snore	Snorken (a delicious onomatopœia).
To make the bed	Het bed maken.
To wash the hands	De handen wasschen.
It is better to think than to talk.	Men moet meer denken dan seggen.

ficiently unmelodious in itself, some people thicken it by the accompaniment of a connecting thorough bass of drawl, making their words, as it were, not so much winged, as webfooted.

In France, I have detected an Englishman near, in passing along the street, not by hearing any distinct words, but by the hesitating, languid *er* of the London lounger, which buzzed in the neighbouring air while yet the man spoke not.

Some of our friends in Antwerp speak excellent English. The attempts in that line are not however, always successful. I have heard of an English lady going out to dinner, and being received by the hostess with a well-meant:—"Good night, mistress,"—and then somebody else came up,—and, certainly intending to be very polite, added a—"Good bye, madam." An English servant remaining inopportunely in presence, a Flemish

English.	*Flemish.*
Two wolves soon eat up one sheep.	Twee wolven eten wel een schaep.
I hope you will not fail to do it.	Ik hoop dat ul niet laten zal te doen.
It is now three weeks since..	Het is alreede dry weken.
Just lend me ten crowns ..	Ik bid u my tien kroonen te leenen.
Where do you come from ?	Van waer kompt gy ?
Where do you live ?	Waer is ul, t' huys ?

lady turned upon him suddenly, and, with the air of the captive princess in a melodrama, uttering the—"Begone Sir!—and trouble me no more."—to her tyrant's emissary, exclaimed:—"I am not necessary,—a footman!"

Apropos;—the fatuity with which Frenchmen will sometimes rush gratuitously into the use of desperate English, is extraordinary. An instance occurs to me.

A certain umbrella-maker at Hâvre, whom I knew, desired to issue a card, setting forth his name, calling, and so forth, in English. He was surrounded by hundreds, resident English and birds of passage, any one of whom would have readily furnished him with the proper form of words,—but he scorned to seek such help,—and caused to be lithographed and circulated,—I received it from his hands myself,—the following

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English.	*Flemish.*
Where are my clothes?	Waer zyn myne kleederen?
There they are.....	Daer zyn zy.
Now then, let us drink,—we shall never be younger.	Nu, nu, laet ons drinken,—wy zullen nooyt zoo jong drinken.
Get up	Sta op.
What, is it so late?.....	Hoe, is het zoo laet?
Make haste then	Haest u dan.

particularly rich morçeau;—I copy it verbatim et literatim, except the name and address, from the card now lying before me, embellished by all the elegance that can be bestowed by elaborate calligraphy, and bearing at the top, a significant device of two closed umbrellas crossed, flanked by two smaller ones, open.

'*A. B. &c.*
Merchant and Fabricant of Umbrellas
and Parasols.
Make and repair all things who concern
his state at juste price, the persons whom ar far
can write him he shall go directly.
Hâvre.'

The whole time I have been in Antwerp, the weather has been more or less violently cold, except during the last week, when we have had some decidedly sunny days. For the greater part of the time, frost and snow has prevailed, and the Scheldt has been filled with masses of floating ice. As long as this state of things lasted, nothing was to be seen on the water, but the frozen islands sailing up and down with the ebbing and flowing tides, and the ferry-boat, laboriously punting among them between the city and the

Tête de Flandres, the flat-bottomed steamer commonly used for that service, being laid up in the basin. Meanwhile, the atmosphere would be clear, bright, and exhilarating,—the houses and other objects, all distinct and brilliant, both in outline and detail,—and the whole effect, on mind and body, was,—if you had sufficient health and energy to fight up against the extreme cold,—cheerful and stimulating to the greatest degree. Of course this bright view of things was occasionally varied by a little dulness, and sometimes we have had a sloppy, dirty thaw, and a downright horrible fog.

I should not pronounce Antwerp to be a healthy place. The natives themselves, those of them, that is, who can afford to be particular in regard of the wholesomes, consider certain localities lying near the docks and river, as decidedly unhealthy, saying that fever abounds there, and that the water is bad. Nevertheless my hotel was by the river side, and I liked the open situation, and took no harm by it;—and one of Napoleon's grand schemes was to carry a bridge over the Scheldt to the Tête de Flandres, and to erect on the polders, a magnificent new city, where his marshals and officers of state were to have built palaces and

lived splendidly, "upon compulsion."* It seems to have been one of the marked characteristics of that abrupt and impatient genius,—partly the result, no doubt, of an irritable temperament,—to brook no delay in the perfect fulfilment of his conceptions:—his ideas and wishes were to be all turned into realities, then, there, and immediately, by the application of the forcing system to the utmost, coûte que coûte.

Saturday, 19th.—Midnight preparations for departure the next morning.

I shall always think of old Antwerp, and of the kindness and hospitality of its citizens, with pleasure, mixed, at the same time, with a feeling of regret, that it should be so utterly uncertain, whether I shall ever see the place and the people again.

Sunday, 20th.—I embarked on board the London steamer. Several friends came to bid me farewell. As, in turning, the ship made a long sweep

* The salubrity of situations depends much more upon artificial arrangements, than upon natural advantages. Drainage and sewerage are everything. By the application of them, the most pestilential marsh becomes a healthy locality for mankind to live in, and without them, the breeziest hill-top is converted by habitation, into a hotbed of fever and disease.

towards the Tête de Flandres,—I took my last look at the panorama of the city lining the bank,—our prow was directed down the river,—and we steamed away. I was sorry to go. As we descended the Scheldt, the tower of the cathedral shewed itself magnificently above the city, and it was long before we entirely lost sight of this beautiful object.

Monday, 21st.—After a remarkably smooth passage, I landed at the London custom-house about midday.

Let me say of these notes, that they pretend to be nothing more than a plain record of the impressions of the time. I have not attempted to write a guide book, minute in descriptions of churches, pictures, and libraries; nor have I ventured to be profound on history, politics, or statistics. I have just simply committed daily occurrences to paper, with such remarks as happened to suggest themselves,—valeant quantum,—but I have never put myself in the way of incidents, with the idea that they might figure well in a published journal. Thus, by no means do I profess to give a full, true, and particular account, moral and physical, of Antwerp and the Antwerpians. I merely offer my sketches of the city

and the people, as they appeared to me, a stranger seeking amusement in the land in a quiet way, and such instruction as might be *very easily* combined with it, but not at all preparing myself to write a book.

Perhaps I have enjoyed opportunities of observing social habits, manners, and customs, that do not occur to every sojourner in a strange land, and, so far, at any rate, this journal, written, currente calamo, with the pictures of life yet fresh and bright in their local colour in my mind's eye, may not be without its value. It is, I think, interesting to know something of the ordinary, every-day life of a people,— how they eat and drink, dress, dance, talk, and, in short, generally demean themselves as social animals,—and this is a kind of information, with which travellers' note books are, I think, for the most part, somewhat scantily furnished.

On this head, I will venture to subjoin a quotation from certain 'Esquisses de Voyage,' by Théophile Gautier, which have lately fallen in my way.

"Qu'est ce qui fait la différence d'un pays à un autre, si ce n'est ces mille détails familiers dédaignés par les plumes majestueuses, si prolixes

lorsqu'il s'agit de vieilles bornes et de statues à nez cassés."

I have made my descriptions of material objects, faithful and distinct to the best of my ability, and if, altogether,—incidental episodes extra and apart,—I shall have succeeded in reflecting back, with tolerable clearness, upon the mind of any one who may take the trouble to read these memoranda, the impressions made on my own, by old Gothic and palatial Antwerp, with its cathedral-tower, its gabled houses and princely mansions, its general tone and flavour of by-gone picturesque and artistic times, and the free-and-easy and hospitable manner of life of its citizens, —so that a reader, presently going there as I did, shall say:—"This is the realization of something I have heard or read of before,"—I shall have achieved all I expect or desire. And for myself, at all events

"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

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